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UNION MEETINGS IN THE OPEN AIR OUTSIDE THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, DECEMBER 19, 1859.

THE GREAT UNION MEETING AT NEW YORK.

WE engrave on the preceding page the open-air meetings which were held in this city, outside the Academy of Music, on December 19; and on pages 8 and 9 the great meeting at the Academy itself.

It is hardly necessary, at the present time, to add any thing to the reports which were published of these meetings at the time. We may say, however, that they were the most enthusiastic meetings remembered in the city. The following brief memorandum, from a city paper, may be placed on record:

Long before the hour for meeting the spacious Academy was thronged from pit to dome. Even in the spacious amphitheatre every seat was occupied, and throughout the house standing room within hearing distance was eagerly sought. Not less than five thousand persons were assembled within the walls, and a number perhaps equally large congregated without and listened to addresses from the different stands erected there.

The Academy had been appropriately decorated for the occasion. The Stars and Stripes hung in graceful folds about the stage, and at different points were mottoes and inscriptions, and the names of those who in the past had consecrated their lives to the formation and perpetuation of the institutions of our country. Among them were the following:

"Indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."—WASHINGTON.

"The Union must and shall be preserved."—JACKSON.

"I shall stand upon the Constitution, I need no other platform."—WEBSTER.

JUSTICE AND FRATERNITY.

WASHINGTON.

JEFFERSON.	JACKSON.
WEBSTER.	CALHOUN.
CLAY.	WRIGHT.
CHOATE.	BENTON.
MADISON.	MONROE.

A salute of thirty-two guns was fired, and from the balcony of the Academy one branch of Dodsworth's Band discoursed their music, while the other occupied a position on the platform within, and entertained the assemblage while it was gathering.

It would be useless to attempt to note, personally, the names of distinguished citizens present. From every profession, calling, and trade were present, with their highest representatives, and until near twelve o'clock, when the meeting adjourned, nearly all present remained, submitting to the discomforts of a crowded audience and inconvenience of situation.

Numerous delegations of citizens from other cities were present, and participated in the enthusiasm of the occasion; and throughout, the proceedings were characterized by most perfect harmony and good feeling in favor of the object which had called the vast assemblage together.

The meeting inside was presided over by his Honor the Mayor, who made a brief address upon assuming the chair. The preamble and resolutions were read by Mr. James Brooks; after the unanimous and clamorous approval of which, Mr. Brooks spoke briefly, defending the rectitude and purity of Northern sentiment and exalting the value of the Union. Mr. Charles O'Conor followed with an eloquent eulogy of Slavery, which was not listened to without expressions of dissatisfaction from a portion of the audience. Mr. O'Conor was succeeded by ex-Governor Hunt, in a calm, conservative argument; by General John A. Dix, in a panegyric upon the Union; by Mr. James T. Thayer, Professor Mitchell, and Rev. Dr. Bethune. The outside meetings were highly interesting, several speakers of distinction and popularity engaging the attention of the several groups. The meeting, upon the whole, can hardly fail to produce the salutary effect which the call contemplated.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1860.

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

WE shall commence in the next number of *Harper's Weekly* the publication of a new Serial Story of American Life, entitled

The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF THE "HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

This story will be illustrated by JOHN McLENAN, Esq.

We commenced in No. 152 the publication of a new Serial Story by WILKIE COLLINS, Esq., entitled

The Woman in White;

which is illustrated expressly for this journal by JOHN McLENAN, Esq.

The publication of the delicious Story of American Life,

Trumps,

by GEORGE W. CURTIS, Esq., with HOPPIN'S Illustrations, was commenced in No. 119 of *Harper's Weekly*.

As *Harper's Weekly* is electrotyped, we can supply the back numbers from the commencement to any person who sends us the money.

MR. BUCHANAN'S MEXICAN POLICY.

IN the Presidential Message, from which we give extracts elsewhere, Mr. Buchanan recommends a military occupation of Mexico, under the authority of Congress. The grounds on which the recommendation is based are, first, the numerous outrages on American citizens in Mexico, for which the government in power at the capital refuses to give any satisfaction; secondly, the insecurity of life and property in a republic constituting the southern boundary of the United States; and, thirdly, the assumed willingness of the Liberal party in Mexico—who are said to constitute a majority of the population—to see law and order re-established by the aid of United States troops. These grounds are solid; and the inference drawn from them is sound. It has long been evident that nothing short of a foreign occupation would secure peace and order in Mexico.

That country exhibits the singular spectacle of a nation entirely disorganized. There are two regular governments in Mexico—the government of the priests' party, whose head is Miramon, and whose head-quarters are at the city of Mexico, and the government of the Liberals, whose head is Juarez, and whose head-quarters are at the city of Vera Cruz. Besides these, several of the States are actually independent of, and acknowledge no connection with, the federal government: in the west, Alvarez is an irresponsible despot; the Governor of Sonora declares that he has nothing to do with Central Mexico. All these governments are supported by forced loans, outrageous exactions, plunder, and rapine. The Juarez government collects the customs duties at Vera Cruz which the Miramon government has pledged to foreign nations. The export duty on the staple export of Mexico—silver—is collected by Miramon in the interior, and again re-collected by Juarez on the coast. Some of the rival chiefs are not satisfied with collecting a mere percentage of the specie which passes through their territory. General Marquez lately seized a whole *conducta*, containing $600,000 in silver; and similar exploits have been performed by the Governor of Sonora. Life is as insecure as property. We illustrated, only the other day, the assassination of Ormond Chase, an American citizen, by order of General Marquez; the massacre of the Americans at Tacubaya was also illustrated in this journal. Every mail from Mexico brings accounts of some American citizen being insulted, outraged, imprisoned, and robbed by one or other of the parties in power. Meantime, as usual when civil war rages, the laws are silent. Banditti scour every road in the republic. It is impossible to travel from Vera Cruz to Mexico without being robbed once or more: equally impossible to obtain any satisfaction from the authorities, or to take any vengeance on the robbers. Trade is of course at a stand-still, and the money which citizens of the United States have advanced for the prosecution of various enterprises is either lost or gravely jeoparded. Our frontiers are unsafe; on the Rio Grande, Cortinas and his bandits besiege Brownsville; American citizens in Arizona are constantly molested by Mexican marauders from Sonora—not long since four sick men, in a house on American soil, were murdered by Mexicans from that State. As to the transit routes—to which, at common law, our citizens would be entitled were Mexico and the United States private individuals—they are all closed. The Tehuantepec route is shut to our citizens; and Arizona is likewise deprived of its only exit—Guaymas.

In a word, there is ample cause for war between the United States and Mexico. But if there were no direct *casus belli*, or injury to avenge, civilization and good neighborship would still impose on the United States the duty of doing what in them lay to restore peace and order to distracted, disorganized Mexico.

We have pictured that country as it is. There is no remedy but a foreign occupation. The radical trouble in Mexico is that no Government has the means to support itself and put down its enemies. The Church has seized so much of the productive property of the country that what is left is too poor to afford a revenue to the State: in a country incessantly distracted by civil war and infested by banditti there is of course very little foreign trade, and the revenue from customs is small; when the interest, or a part of the interest, on the foreign debt has been paid, there is nothing left to support the standing armies, without which peace and order can not be maintained. Santa Anna contrived to maintain himself for a longer period than usual by selling territory to the United States, and supporting an army with the proceeds of the sale. Every other Mexican chief has gone to pieces on the inevitable rock—want of money. There was at one time a hope that Miramon, who is a young man, not devoid of ability, would realize his position, turn the tables on the Church, which raised him to power, and follow Comonfort's example by seizing enough Church property to support an army. But he seems to have lacked nerve; hence, he not only suffers the ports of entry to remain in the hands of his opponents, but submits to the exactions of banditti within a few miles of the capital, and allows his generals to become common robbers and pickpockets.

Mr. M'Lane has lately concluded a treaty with the Juarez Government, by which the United States acquire, for four million dollars, a perpetual right of way across Tehuantepec and across Sonora to Guaymas—with the right of protecting their passengers by an armed occupation. It is likely that this treaty would answer all the requisite purposes; as an armed occupation of the Tehuantepec route would be sure sooner or later to involve incursions into the heart of Mexico, and the garrison, by United States troops, of such points as would command the country.

It now remains to be seen whether the Senate will ratify the M'Lane Treaty, and Congress will act upon the recommendations of the Message. Of the latter we have doubts. Party feeling runs so high that the Republicans in Congress are quite likely to refuse to do the right thing for fear Mr. Buchanan might get the credit of it. It is a fact, moreover, that in our history the Democrats are the only party that has ever had a foreign policy. The Federalists, the Whigs, and the Republicans have always fallen short of the requirements of the country in this respect: however sound many of their domestic measures may have been, they have never been successful in dealing with foreign countries. It is possible, and even probable, therefore, that the wise and prudent recommendations of the President with regard to Mexico may lead to no practical result—in which case civilization, peace, law, and order will suffer notable injury.

OUR NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY.

BY the showing of the Secretary of the Treasury the income of the United States falls short of the expenditure by thirty millions of dollars. This amount is borrowed from year to year to pay for the service of Government. How long is this to last?

The United States are the only country in the world whose income is dependent on the precarious and fluctuating resource of foreign trade. All other countries raise a revenue squarely and fairly by taxing their people honestly for the expenses of Government. Our financiers have never had the pluck to face the question, and to say to the people of the United States: If you want a sixty million Government, tax yourselves to pay for it.

The President, seeing the impossibility of getting on with the present deficiency of revenue, recommends an increase in the tariff. No such measure will be adopted by Congress. An average duty of 15 per cent.—as levied by the tariff of 1857—is quite as much as people ought to pay on the goods they require from abroad; and, besides, the slavery question has for the present so completely eclipsed the tariff, that there is very little chance of the latter being seriously considered.

There is a great name in store for the financier who shall have the courage and the sagacity to undertake a thorough reform of our financial system, so as to render the public revenue independent of the fluctuations of trade. Sooner or later we shall come to this. It is absurd to expect that this great country will go on forever alternating between bankruptcy and plethora, when a direct tax might be levied with so little inconvenience and so much fairness. Where is the claimant for this post of fame?

REMBRANDT PEALE'S "COURT OF DEATH."

MESSRS. SARONY, MAJOR, and KNAPP have brought out a fine engraving of Rembrandt Peale's "Court of Death," printed in colors, at the extremely low price of one dollar. Such a picture was never before afforded at so low a figure, and we presume the sale will be large.

THE LOUNGER.

THEY SAY.

Do they, indeed; and who are they? What is this tyrant which ruins so much private peace and public fame? They say that Deacon Dodder was seen coming home late Saturday night in *such* a state! Drunk? Oh, I don't know. I am sure *I* know nothing; but they do say that he was about the crankest man in town that evening. They say that his wife was sitting at home crying her eyes out. Poor thing! and only married last June. It's really dreadful! They say she wishes she had never been married; and that her uncle Timothy vows he will never give her a cent, because they say that his cousin Joshua heard him say that he had no money to spare to buy grog for Deacon Dodder.

Poor Deacon Dodder! who all this time is just as honest and sober a man as Cousin Joshua, or Uncle Timothy, or any body else; and against whom They Say has leveled his darts because he chances to be the most convenient target.

The French tell the truth about They Say. The French have a proverb that They Say is a liar; and the French are right. This sly, malicious, insidious snake, that crawls and squirms all over fair fames and pure characters, he is a liar, and the father of lies. Of course he is perfectly irresponsible. What They Say does its work, whether you find it to be true or untrue. You may prove Deacon Dodder to be, and to have been always, the most sober and honest of men. But the air tainted by They Say is poisoned air, and whoever has breathed it, though but for a moment, has breathed death. The bride weeping for her dead husband may dry her eyes when she finds him living; but you can not dry the tears that have been shed. The child, frightened at night, may be comforted and his fears removed; but who shall console the terrors that shook him before the succor came? They Say may be proved the blackest of liars, but the proof does not blunt the point of the sting which is forever resharpened.

Don't suffer him in your house. Don't give him the hospitality of your conversation. If any body tries to introduce They Say, insist upon discovering if he knows what he is doing. Whatever is told you upon the authority of They Say reject at once—or, better still, cling to it, and show how false and futile it is. For, even if the thing be true, you will be sure to find it untruly told—sure to find it so grinning all over with suspicion and malignity as to be another thing altogether.

If a man lived in a tower over a beautiful city swarming with busy men and women, and teeming with lovely children, and night and day, in his lofty tower, he were distilling poison from marsh flowers and garden vegetables and noble trees, which he secretly infused into the air, and, by his wicked machinery, drove into the streets and houses, so that the people breathed the corruption, and slowly and mysteriously withered and died, what a criminal the man would be—how he would be scorned through history!

Yet every body who gives aid and comfort to They Say, by repeating his stories, is really helping that poisoner in the lofty tower—is really distilling death for the busy men and women and the lovely children. They Say is a mask from behind which envy and jealousy stab. It is a secret mine which is lighted by a slow match from a distance, and explodes only after the criminal who puts the fire to it has escaped. "They Say" is an anonymous letter, spoken, not written.

HOLIDAY STORIES.

SINCE Dickens began to write Christmas stories the holiday carols have returned. Of all his great services to literature none is more eagerly and generally recognized than the introduction of the annual feast of story which comes with the holytide of the year. Since he has been the editor of a periodical, as now for several years he has been, he no longer issues his separate carol, but he unites with a jolly company, and they sing, in chorus, "God rest ye, merry gentlemen!"

What a rich, deep, genial music rolls out of the batch of stories he and his friends tell! There is an undertone of sweet human sympathy which belongs peculiarly to the season and its associations, and of which we get the most delightful glimpses in the chapters of Pickwick which describe the Christmas revels at Dingley Dell. It is a spirit as anti-Puritan as the music of the Miserere; and as characteristically English as plum-pudding and ale. It is a broad geniality, manifesting itself externally in good cheer; and pictures of overflowing hampers and rosy-cheeked maidens and eager children and muffled coachmen and village churches hung with green, all belong to it, and all recall its image when they are seen.

This year Dickens surrounds himself in his new periodical with a group of well known friends, and they pour out a series of tales about an old haunted house which *Harper's Weekly* has republished in an extra. Dickens himself introduces the series with several felicitous strokes of humor. His own contributions are the airest and most fanciful, like the ringing of fairy chimes. The little sketch of the boy Calif Haroun is as exquisite as that of the two children who were married, in the series of two years ago. The delicate blending of the broadest imagination with the most ludicrous and limiting actuality of which the impression is an inevitable pathos, shows how true and lovely a genius it is. Mrs. Gaskell's story is a homely domestic tragedy, full of power and skill. Sala's is exceedingly humorous, a capital conceit of an ague losing a man all his chances of happiness from being taken for chronic drunkenness. Wilkie Collins's sketch of pirate horrors, full of sharp interest and exciting expectation, and Adelaide Procter's poem, with the love tale by another woman's hand, rounding out the Christmas circle and series.

There is just enough incoherency to carry out the idea of a Twelfth Night picnic in the old haunted house. The ghosts come gliding out of experience, and, like all other ghosts, are no spirits at all, but good, honest, often melancholy, always romantic, facts of private history.

BENJAMIN HARRIS AND HIS WIFE PATIENCE.

CHAPTER I.—THE MERCERS' GARDENS.

SOMEWHERE about the close of the reign of King Charles the Second, on a fine night in summer, there was a pretty sprinkling of company in the Mercers' Gardens.

One of the walkers, who wore a Whig's green bunch of ribbons at his breast, was a young, comely man, though his air was unconsciously severe, and his broad brow was cumbered with much thought and care. He was Benjamin Harris, a printer by trade.

The young man did not care to be waylaid and drawn aside by the juvenile promenaders, and he went at last absently and unwillingly along with a company which contained matrons and maids, one of whose members called upon him to help to form an escort; for it was not altogether safe for a flock of women, unless well guarded, to traverse

these cool alleys in the twilight. Chance led him to offer his escort to one of the prettiest of the maidens — Mistress Patience Chiswell, one of the daughters of Mr. Chiswell, the carver and gilder, in Lombard Street. Master Harris really did not know very well how to begin to amuse Mrs. Patience, though he was by no means stupid; so, in place of unfolding his parts in paying her the compliments of the day, and courting her smiles, he kept glancing aside at her as she tripped by his side, and by dint of noticing her much more than he would have otherwise done, or than he had found time and inclination to do to other young women, he began to wonder, Puritan as he was, what deep feelings filled the heart, or high principles swayed the spirit of this bright, fragile piece of humanity.

Mrs. Patience was very young, fresh, and fearless, and a little loquacious withal, as is the way with empty little heads and hearts. Not that Patience was singularly ignorant, shallow, or careless; but she was one of the many green olive branches round a very busy man's table, where the elders were well-meaning, but commonplace and easy, and the young were very thoughtless and a little selfish, and at the same time as guileless in their faults and follies as lads and lasses can be in this evil world.

Mrs. Patience had the loveliest bow of a rosy mouth, and a pair of the most strangely sensible gray eyes. She wore the modest apparel of a merchant's daughter, the disencumbered feet, the tuckered throat, the head-dress for a covering; but, granting Mrs. Patience's crimson and white colors, and her patterns were perfectly decorous, she sported a fan, which Master Harris deemed frivolous, and she prattled, which was a far more hop less and heinous evil. She told him of the difficulty she had found in crossing the Strand and Snow Hill after the last rain, and she asked him if he ever went a junketing to gather the roses for which Holburn was still renowned, though sure they were only to be got in private gardens now. London would soon be too confined for young folks who must have play, and plain folks who had no fine grounds of their own; and then she wandered to the Mall and the King's ducks, and her father's maggot, who would not suffer them to go there on account of the wild courtiers, but for her part she was not affrighted. What could they say to her? They would but take off their hats and laugh, and challenge her, and she would courtesy and run away, and if they gave chase, she was fleet of foot and would soon escape them.

Master Harris bent his eyes on the ground, and asked his judgment, was this little lass so giddy or so unprepared for offenses, or was she bold?

Of a sudden, as the staid young vendor of knowledge mused, they were met by a sudden outcry in the streets—a loud and riotous uproar which it was scarcely possible for quiet women to face, and which even composed, courageous men might have been excused for shrinking from at that particular date. All who heard the tumult stood still—excited, incensed, appalled. Patience Chiswell gripped Harris's arm and shrieked outright.

"It is the Scourers," she groaned through her chattering teeth, "and they spare neither man, woman, nor child in their frolics. The good Lord have mercy on us!"

Harris had some difficulty in convincing her, what his cool judgment and better view enabled him to decide, that the band streaming past the entrance without attempting to invade the precincts was not one of those dissolute troops of squires and noblemen who once or twice a week at least beat and bruised members of the resisting middle class, overcoming them by sheer force of numbers, and frightening honest women into fits by their fierce, unholy caresses.

"You should not have boasted of your confidence before it had been tried, Mrs. Patience," said Harris, reproving her, bluntly but gently, for the shuddering girl touched his manhood.

Patience hung her head. "I meant to defy them in broad day, and plenty of people by, and they only after their morning draughts. Indeed I could not choose but be mightily afraid when the Scourers are abroad in the dusk, and the greater part of the world safe under their own roofs."

"Nay, I have no objection to your horror within bounds. I love not that women should be rash and forward," observed Harris, without delaying to ascertain whether or no he had a right to offer an opinion. "I can decipher from where I stand that the whole brawl is about a woman—a wretched orange-woman, whom Dr. Bates, or Dugdale, or Turberville, may suspect of dealings with the Pope and the French and the devil, and whom they thus hound along the kennel to prison and to judgment:" and young Harris looked gloomy and oppressed.

Patience Chiswell, taking comfort for her own safety, honor, and happiness, glanced up in his face to be still more fully reassured, and had her sympathies immediately drawn away in a new channel.

"Will no one save her?" she whispered. "She may not be guilty. She may not be so bad as she seemeth. I doubt me she is a light creature, by reason of her pursuing such a trade; yet she may have poor, honest friends, who care for her. Alas! the miserable wench to be ducked, to be branded, to be hung! Dear, good Sir, for the sake of God, whom I am certain you fear, in the name of other women who are not undone, wilt thou not speak a word in this sinner's cause?"

In proportion as Harris hated and waged war with sin, he had a soft, tender heart, and he was powerfully affected by this instance of a foolish young girl's trembling, spontaneous, earnest mercy, the more so that he could not act upon it, as she would have demanded of him, at a risk she little guessed. He was forced to explain to her that he could not abandon her, no light creature, but a modest, inexperienced girl, to traverse the disturbed streets, in order that he might carry aid to any other person, whatever their strait; that his single voice and arm would avail nothing against the authorities, with whom a mean orange-woman, after Stafford and Plunkett, was nothing. Since he saw the culprit pinioned by some of the town's servants and the mayor's own men, she would certainly have law in her sentence, and what more could she ask, unless she were so unreasonable as to expect justice?

He finally carried his point of putting agitated Patience Chiswell into a hackney-chair, and walking most considerately and good-humoredly by the bearers as far as her father's door in Lombard Street, returning slowly to his flat above his shop. He could not deny the subsequent fact—though it disconcerted him greatly to admit it, even to himself, and he endeavored strenuously to cheat his conscience and blink the new sensation—that the image of the carver and gilder's frank, transparent, light-hearted little daughter, grown all of a sudden distressed and pitiful, would make his calm, serious heart beat.

CHAPTER II.—CHEPE.

To those who have experience in human nature it will not be a marvel to learn that within a twelvemonth from the evening recorded in the last chapter, Benjamin Harris, the young protesting printer, wedded the spinster Patience Chiswell, and that, notwithstanding she had no present portion beyond her wedding-clothes, one of Master Guy's bibles, a copy of pious songs from Mistress Lucy, and a caudle-cup from her godmother.

To those who have been happy in reading the pages of pure and high hearts, neither will it seem strange to be told that, as Harris expressed it, Patience having been accommodating enough to take a lively fancy and a trustful liking to his grim visage, this Patience, woman-like, rapidly imbibed the young printer's lofty sentiments, became the most devoted of his disciples, and echoed his psalm of life, only diversified by her delicate womanly chords and subtle variations. Master Chiswell, her father, took no part with the aggrieved Nonconformists; he was a Court servant, and a State and Church man, employed under noble patronage.

Harris, rigid in duty, stern toward himself, proved notably indulgent to Patience, to the verge of uxoriousness, even perversely protecting and petting her, almost vexing her by obstinately refusing to allow her to share his troubles, and insisting upon taking upon himself all the toil, all the risk, all the weariness. You see Harris was deeply conscious that his lot was likely to be clouded; he was aware, to a certain extent, of the tinge of gloom in his own temper, and the harshness which injuries had sealed, and double sealed, on his sect. He did not try to check these tendencies as far as he himself was concerned, but he was, with some excuse, perhaps, morbidly anxious to spare Patience—once he understood and valued her, and could not resist making her his own. The young, healthy, spirited, genial tempered, unbroken wife, was a bright being indeed to the struggling, saddened husband—the new sunshine of his existence, whose warmth, radiance, and gladness should be preserved at all hazards, except that of sin. There was cowardice bound up with Harris's love and temporizing with his proselytism.

So Harris fell into an error; was nervously, sedulously attentive to his wife's comfort and pleasure, treated her to no "wholesome neglect," guarded her from all rough but invigorating shocks, denied her reasonable work, fatigue, and disappointment; put very considerable force upon his natural disposition and education to procure for her flowers, cates, and even a subdued kind of finery, and to bear her company in entertainments at Master Chiswell's, Mrs. Lucy's, and other relatives and friends and neighbors, most of them totally distasteful to him, and all more or less burdensome, taken as a task, and fulfilled without a chance of exemption.

In all this Harris showed himself what he was, a noble and self-denying heart with a remarkable aptitude for getting rid of narrow prejudices and acerbities, when they came in collision with the charities and tendernesses of his daily life; but he did not display much worldly wisdom, or a Petruchio's bold, shrewd blitheness in compassing and confounding female weaknesses.

Patience, like every child of Adam similarly situated, was ungrateful for his folly, refused to be governed by this half-and-half system, could not be gay, because Harris ordained it, secretly resisted the artificial atmosphere provided for her, and hankered in her inmost soul after that of which he had first given her a taste, self-abnegation, endurance, effort; she grew pensive, formal, restless, without being permitted to betray her state of mind; took refuge in the solemn mysteries which float about all recently awakened souls, and can be grasped at any moment; and, oh! grievous mystery in itself, loving her husband and loved by him, was breaking from all near communion or true partnership with him.

Patience's eyes filled with tears of envy—poor, energetic, earnest woman—when she saw what others were permitted to accomplish, what she might never attempt, where she would never signalize herself, so as to be more worthy of him. She would have so liked to help him in the duties he had taught her, to go halves in the dangers, for it was no trifle to propagate their faith under these fines and imprisonments, Rumsey and West witnesses, and Jeffrey judgments.

One morning she sat in the window of her sitting-room, with her hymns and her songs unpracticed, her embroidery faded and entangled; dark and abstracted as Benjamin Harris least liked to see her, as it pricked him to the heart to find her.

Patience had seen little of her husband for the last few days; he was unusually engrossed with business, and had been obliged to depart on a little journey without informing her of its import, although he had come in and embraced her affectionately in his riding coat, with a blush on his cheek and a stammer on his tongue. Afterward he had sent her a little note dated from his coffee-house, urging her, in place of living lonesome, to pay a visit to Mistress Lucy Soule, who was prepared to receive her and amuse her with the last new prints and women's recipes; because her worthy father, with whom she was aware he was so unhappy as to have a dryness, was not at present, as far as he had sounded him, disposed to accept his daughter's company for a week or so, with the entire contentment and thankfulness which he regarded as the due of his honored wife, to whom he was forced to bid a brief but reluctant farewell.

Patience was not greatly enlightened or charmed by this communication of her husband, clearly as it indicated his concern for her. It was an annoyance, a provocation.

Still do not credit that she was very sulky or actually rebellious: she obeyed the injudicious mandate, entering her hackney-chair and forwarding her bundles and boxes the moment a messenger arrived for her.

She bore as long as she was able the aggravation of Mrs. Lucy's pointed, tolerably fantastic attentions, and her mother's doting way of staring at her, and shaking her head, and being told over and over again, "Please, madam, it is young Mrs. Benjamin Harris, who knows nothing of older folks' cares and pains, and whom dear Mr. Harris has intrusted to us to be looked after and kept cheerful."

At last, something impelled Patience to be naughty and independent; and getting up early one morning, she stole a march upon Mrs. Lucy—who was a little of a slug-a-bed—ere she betook herself to her gay back shop (front shops were the public libraries) and her dainty desk. Patience broke her fast with a porringer of sops, left a message that she had gone abroad to see her own people, and would be back before nightfall, and started all alone for Lombard Street.

Really Patience was so perverse that she felt excited and elated by the rare sense of solitude, and the flavor of adventure and danger as she walked away in her hat and mantle, without the mask, which the court ladies adopted largely for no creditable purpose, if all tales were true, but with the old decent muffler, in remembrance of her husband's scruples, drawn over her round chin and up to the arched mouth, which ought never to have been drawn hard and still. There seemed already many people abroad, and they were hurrying to Chepe, as Patience could catch, to witness some aggravated instance of exposure and contumely by command of the lords or magistrates of the city.

Patience entered Lombard Street in good spirits, passed rapidly through her father's shop, with its sculptured models, like the figure-heads of ships, its huge carved testers and waved canopies, and entered suddenly into the Chiswells' back parlor, threading its heavy oak-chairs and treading lightly its tesselated floor in the style of the master of the house, and dispensing with a foot-cloth.

Patience's sisters were in the kitchen helping to cook the mid-day dinner, or putting the sleeping-rooms in order, or even painting some of the simpler screens which her father furnished; her brothers were at school, or in the working booths, or abroad attending to orders, but her father and mother sat here at leisure engaged in close conversation. They both stooped and stared, Patience fancied because she had not been home recently, or in relation to an ill-judged interference which Chiswell had taken upon him to make in Harris's concerns—his dealings with the Dissenters, his unbending ways to Churchmen and courtiers. However, Patience took the silence and amazement at her appearance rather ill now, and the blood had rushed to her cheeks when, to her consternation and bewilderment, her mother commenced to cry, and wring her hands, and disorder her caul and ruff and stiff skirts; and little round-eyed Master Chiswell arose so abruptly, that he burst half the trusses of his points, which he had just tied awry, and addressed her in the most perturbed, incoherent, aggrieved fashion:

"Daughter Harris, you may bear me witness I did not press an alliance with this fellow Harris; it was your own free choice, and I think, having made it, it is your duty to abide by the same, not implicating your poor friends and connections, and causing detriment and destruction to the innocent. Howsoever, I will protect you from bodily injury," he added, in the tone of a man put upon and compelled to be public-spirited; "that is, if I can manage it, and if need be; for your wrong-headed goodman did aver that he would shelter you from all blame, and that you should incur no harm. For that matter, though it be a sore disgrace, and like enough to stick to him, and ruin his business, and even to imperil my credit—fool that he was not to do all to avoid it!—there are no orders given for mutilation, and he may have hope, which he scarce deserves, to reach his own house again in safety this very night."

"Oh, Patience, Patience, my girl! to remember you might have wedded the wood-merchant adown in Surrey, and been respected and exalted. And I declare how well you did look in your pea-green open gown, with your love-knots and your top-knot, before that villain rendered you grave and thin with his homilies and his treason," reflected Mrs. Chiswell.

"I do not understand you," answered Patience. "Master Harris hath done no ill (that I should even him to ill!) that I wot of. It is certain I would have wedded none but he. He is but gone from home on business, if that be the accident at which your words aim."

"Oh, the misguided child! the infatuated, misguided child!" cried both shallow persons, who were sometimes cunning, sometimes impulsive, but whose instinct it was to effervesce with whatever information they contained. "Do you not know?"—"Have you not heard?" (Talking each other down in their eagerness to divulge the count which affected her peace.) "Benjamin Harris has been arraigned before the justices for a libel on the Test Act, published within his premises." (He had but received the officers in the shop, when he stepped up and took leave of her in a common way.) "He had the audacity to tell the bench that, though he had not put one objectionable word in type, he expected nothing in his favor, because Pilkington, the Lord Mayor, was fined so heavily for no other reason than that he refused to congratulate the Duke, and Ward was accused of perjury merely because he could not call to mind the form of words in which Pilkington declined the ceremony. Then Harris and his cousin Janeways were sentenced to the Fleet, where it would be a miracle if they did not contract the jail-fever, and poison a whole city ward when they came out. Where was their regard for the public in that? And, to-day, they were to stand in pillory in Chepe for four mortal hours, to the shame of all who had any thing to do with them; and it was cause enough to daughter Harris to have been seen in Lombard Street that morning for Master Chiswell himself to be suspected, seized, and set in the stocks, when the family business and court interest—g ossly damaged already—would go to sticks and staves, and they would all perish."

"And your poor dear sisters unmatched, Patience," represented her mother, piteously and reproachfully. "Sirs! how their fortunes may be wrecked by such association at this time."

"Better unsuited and dashed in their hopes, though they have to work their fingers to the bone, than buckled to enthusiasts and fanatics!" roared Chiswell, virulently.

Patience had stood dumb, becoming very white and very cold, but with her gray eyes lightening and clearing. When she began to speak she had to answer them on various allegations.

"No shame to any one, father! Benjamin Harris is not framed of the stuff which creates infamy. No fear of you, father. No one will dream that Benjamin Harris hath borrowed your countenance. Nay, now, you will forgive me if I am rude. I will not stop to injure my sisters, mother—particularly when Benjamin calls me elsewhere."

"It was cruel in him," said Patience, as she traversed the streets again with all the speed she could summon at her imperious bidding; "it was cruel in him ever to conceal his pains, and suffer me to grow peevish, but now that he has done me this wrong I will conquer him."

She went the direct road to Chepe, pushing her way among the mob—always increasing, and always more fired with expectation and perilous excitement—until there in the thoroughfare rose the stage pressed against by the van of the rabble, and enchorused by a roar of senseless approbation. There rose the frame-work, and there, seated in arm-chairs, with their necks fastened in the iron collars, sat Harris and Janeways (in their respectable suits unsoiled by the squalor of the jail they had quitted, their plain bands giving them the air of divines, their high-crowned hats, their belts with the scabbards of their rapiers worn to defend them from bullies and cut-throats hired by his Grace of Monmouth—he who wore the purple on the death of a foreign prince—to slit the nose of so humble a rascal as a prayer) to be gazed at, hooted, pelted with filth and rough enough missiles, till their persecutors were weary; and above the whole the simple, beautiful, grand, blue summer sky contrasting with the jumble of buildings and people, the tumult, the noise, the dust of the outrageous scene below. There, with those dark, serene, sagacious faces, whose power we study in many a brown picture, their trimmed but ample beards, their hair divided in the middle, and allowed only to fall back in a wave from the broad brows, the brave men sat undaunted in their penance—fools gaped at them, thoughtless, licentious men mocked at them, enemies reviled them, but their firmness did not falter.

"Give us back our may-poles! Leave alone our merry footings on the grass, unless you want to rouse us until you swing at Tyburn!"

"What! do you think we'll resign our fiddles and roufs, our honest round oaths, for your canting, sniveling prayers?"

"Better not burn your drawn-down mouths with our Christmas plum-porridge!" jeeringly vociferated the lusty, carnal mob.

"What! my men," remonstrated Harris, bending down to them, and speaking in his clear, distinct voice, melodious in its gravity, "we wanted to give you bread from heaven."

"Shut his mouth; gag him; lop him; the whining, lying, Praise-the-Lord or Praise-the-Devil!" burst in scarlet, foaming fury from a large, swollen, towering figure on the outskirts.

That was the famous Tory editor, Sir Roger, notorious for his shrewdness, his unscrupulousness, his want of scholarship and style, and his indecent triumph over his brow-beaten foes. Dorset and Sedley, and their trains, turn and aim their sneers and their flouts at their unphilosophical, unmagnanimous, hot, coarse friend; but the main body of the assembly do not swerve from the rogues in pillory, but deride them, insult them, cast contumely upon them, till these resolved brains begin to reel, and these stout hearts to sicken, at the utter baseness of their humiliation.

"Let me in; I know one of the prisoners. I pray you suffer me to pass forward," said Patience, in her modest, middle-class apparel, with her young, open, feeling, refined gentlewoman's face; and she spoke on till she was hoarse, never giving way to exhaustion, though nearly carried off her feet, or to keen sorrow and burning indignation at that spectacle.

Happily for Patience, with the half-careless good-humor which, thank Heaven! is wont to temper the brutality of all but inflamed and possessed crowds, the apprentices, linkmen, small tradesmen, curious or sorry women, as well as the more substantial and honorable representatives of the community, after venting sundry scurrilous jests on the persistence with which the women stuck to the conventicles, and the Puritans, were inclined to admit her claims, and hustled her on to the very front of the platform. Still Harris, who was somewhat of an absent man at best, and who was relieving himself by looking up into the cloud-

less air, did not observe her, and his presence intervened between Patience and the scope of Janeways's vision.

"I pray you, Sir, suffer me to mount beside the prisoners; put me up with them; I am one of them," declared Patience to the officer.

Now these officers, who were some of them relics of the Protector's servants, had no great stomach for such a duty as they were in the act of performing. Patience's request was out of order, and, at the same time, a moderately kindly man, of a little more than official principle, saw a respectable, delicate young woman in a sad strait, liable to be trodden under foot, or perhaps, in her present grief, to be spirited away and misused by the reckless and abandoned.

"It was not mooted by the magistrates; howsoever there is no statute against it;" and so, gruffly in his perplexity, but far from barbarously, the officer assisted Patience to ascend the scaffolding to a station behind her husband's chair, confronting the concourse.

Then Harris discovered her—the young girl, his much cherished wife—standing by his side in the disgrace of the pillory.

"Good Lord!" he cried, driven from his moderation of speech, "how came you here, Patience? Why did Mrs. Lucy permit you to stray? O Lord, this is indeed anguish!"

But she looked him in the face, only panting with her toil, and, while a bright red color swept over the paleness of her fatigue, uttered something that sounded like a sigh of relief, and said, with a little echo of exultation, "I have found you out, Benjamin."

He stared in wonder and doubt.

"It will kill you. Oh! how can I save you?"

Patience reasoned with him.

"Hush, Benjamin, do not be faithless. I thank God I found you out."

Then Benjamin Harris understood his wife, and was comforted for his trial, and blessed her with a mighty blessing.

Sir Roger named the woman by a foul epithet, and demanded that she should be expelled from her post, and there were signs of contention among the by-standers. Harris's lips quivered.

"She is my wife," he said, appealingly. "Brethren, you have accused me of other thefts. Answer me this question: Have I taken from you one of your wives?"

"No, master, you are guiltless there," admitted a straightforward voice, whose owner was not very widely removed from righteousness. "Whatever scurvy tricks you've played us, we own you yield that game to the debauched cavaliers."

"No credit to you; your own is good enough," another growled out—an irrestrainable compliment.

Harris heard it, and a smile that showed sweet glimmered over the care on his face. From that moment no farther opposition was attempted to Patience's intrusion; and it was observable that, though railing was still vented, it was now delivered only by the sheerly senseless and abusive railers, and all flights of gross and offensive material were either fearfully intermitted or cautiously directed wide of the pair.

Sir Roger, with a curse, strode away to some fresh oppression; the courtiers became silent in contemplation, yawned, and prepared to go in search of a lighter diversion, but, with their marvelous versatility, one or two of these professed reprobates, ere they departed, lifted their hats without a jest to the loyalty on that scaffold.

"They have confiscated our goods, too, dear Patience, beyond what I can ever hope to retrieve," Harris informed her, whiling away the tedious ordeal by passing discourse; "and I have thoughts of sailing to the Americas, where a man may pursue his calling in peace, and peradventure in prosperity. I was minded to leave you in England till I was settled; but look not on me so wistfully—I will carry you with me now, though we should lie on the deck or in the forest, and build our hut with our own hands, for I have found you out." And Patience raised her head, as if he had clothed her with honor.

BENJAMIN HARRIS AND MASTER RICHARD CROMWELL.

As the time wore past, the declining sun shot a beam through the houses, which dazzled Harris's eyes; he could not shift his position, and being in a degree spent in body and mind, and exhausted with previous confinement and abstinence, he could not resist wincing and looking faint as he encountered this last drop in his cup.

Patience undid her muffler, advanced a step, and flung it skillfully across the balustrade, so as to succeed in screening her husband's face. The officer interposed; he durst not see the least interference with the frame-work of the blessed pillory—no, not with a rib or spar of its skeleton—but his resistance was greeted with such a hum of dissent and murmur of anger that he relinquished his purpose, and did not detach the kerchief.

Nay, when the prisoners were at length released from their so-called ignominy, and formally set at liberty, with a command to shut their presses, as the apostles were bidden close their mouths, and Harris was detected, with his wife under his arm, hieing home, as fast as his cramps would admit, to Gracechurch Street, actually a brief cheer greeted their ears, so irrational as well as uncouth was the old burden they had borne.

IN THE MERCERS' GARDENS.

CHAPTER III.—THE NEW WORLD, AND BACK AGAIN TO OLD GRACECHURCH STREET FOR GOOD.

BENJAMIN HARRIS and his wife Patience crossed the Atlantic, beyond which Scotch Covenanters and French Huguenots were fain to wander. They reached that America which was still in its vastness virgin soil, but in which townsteads and meeting-houses and governors' mansions were fast rising in many quarters. They tarried at one of those youthful log-built cities, among the pumpkin-beds and bean-fields, and closing around them in the distance the shades of the great forest from which the dusky Indian, with his war-paint and his poisoned arrows, stalked and traded warily with the settlers, and through which John Elliot journeyed to reach the tribes with the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith. There stood their own miniature gables round the centre chimney and the shingled roof-tree, beneath which they took up their abode, while Benjamin Harris easily established his trade among the intellectual wants of the thoughtful population.

At first the Harrises attracted considerable attention from the magnates of the place; but they were soon suffered to drop into obscurity, save among a few extravagant dreamers, or humble-minded fools, when it was on record that, in spite of all their trials, they were so weak, or had been so corrupted, as to prove shy in their experiences and loose in their discipline. Then Benjamin Harris was left to reprint his forbidden English books—his Baxter, Howe, and beloved Milton, with the many charters and missives already in request; to cultivate his garden, and bring in wild plants and wild birds; to ponder and hold converse with his dear wife Patience, the children born to them, and the few congenial spirits who adhered to them—and grew well-to-do, and bland too, and jocose in his works and his amusements, before a rival rose to supersede him, by the charm involved in the preservation of fierce denunciations.

"Good wife," owned Harris, one day, after he had been listening long to the chattering and warbling of some feathered favorites, "I must think that God has also ordained singing men and singing women to express mere human sympathies, and instinctive gladness, in addition to deliberate thanksgiving, which part no man disputes. I will not assail the class again, though, alas! many wax miserably wanton; just as I have had objections to summing up the arguments against the smoker's weed here, after I once saw how it cooled down Governor Hawley's intemperate heat, which might have been the destruction of the whole state."

"Why, it seemeth to me that you have been always merciful, Benjamin, save to yourself and the boys when froward," alleged Patience.

"I would be a craven to spare myself and my own flesh and blood; but the lads understand me, think you not, Patience?"

"I fear they regard you before the minister; even Sam, who, you say, is upright, but tempted to doggedness."

"And they regard you, Patience, the most of the three."

Patience plaited the curtain of her matronly hood round a face fuller and fairer than in her youth, though she had been always, in what she would have called her graceless days, a woman of a sweet good favor, and she smiled sunnily.

"I do not say so, and yet you may give me our sons, Benjamin—our tall, active sons—for you know you have the chief share in the hearts of our foolish daughters."

"Tush, not foolish, Patience, woman; free from care, and, perchance, slow of thought yet a while, though swift of feeling; but modest, and maidenly, and docile, and children of many prayers."

"I know not why it is, Benjamin, but the sons do always in some respect belong most to the mother—the daughters to the father."

"Because the daughters be the pictures of the good-wife, and the sons be the marrows of the good-man."

Yes, Patience, who had grown grave with her young husband (what he had not bargained for), was wise and happy in adopting his new humor as indefatigably. In truth, the wife and mother, promoted to her just dignity, regained her lost health and cheer, and was as contented and bright as she was laborious and untiring.

The news, salted by mouths on shipboard, had long ago reached the Puritans that another king reigned in England in the room of the vain and forbidding sons of the "Man Charles;" that toleration was proclaimed, and the fetters on men's consciences and liberties forever broken. So the Harrises returned to the old business, to the old house in Gracechurch Street.

They came again in joy where they went out weeping; dwelt in London under Anne; walked with their children in the Mercers' Gardens, and were not frightened or ashamed to show them where the pillory was reared in Chepe; and, depend upon it, Benjamin Harris found space and time for his curious plumed pets, his seeds, his sapling trees in pots, his creepers for porches, balconies, and terraces, besides his collection of battered black-letter volumes, and his ragged manuscripts; while Patience had her china closet, containing, among its valuables, some barbarous quill-work, and a few tufted heads of gorgeous feathers.

Benjamin Harris and his wife were not people of quality, nor did they let loose their principles more than righteousness warranted, so that they were not likely to frequent auctions and masquerades; but Benjamin humored his young daughters once by tucking them tightly under each arm, and standing in a door-way near Burlington House, somewhat sheltered from the crowd of sedans, link-boys, and general spectators, to watch the company pour into one of those fashionable and perilous diversions. As he kept his ground, with his grave, manly face, and his modest but eager pair, a country gentleman by the cut of his square coat, and the full hose tied at the knee, which had gone out as far back as King Charles, eyed Harris carefully, and as if satisfied with the investigation, taking off his three-cornered hat, begged mildly to be allowed to occupy a place near him and his party. The stranger was attended by a young daughter, and he wished that rustic folks like them might enjoy the gayety with more comfort and safety than exposed to the pressure and restlessness of the people.

Benjamin readily assented, and made way for the petitioner, an old man with a very homely, kindly cast of countenance, his beard close shaven, and in place of a periwig his own hair of a silvery whiteness, which no powder could emulate, and "my daughter Dorothy," a buxom, barn-door lass, with such a demure hood as her mother and grandmother might have worn before her.

The younger members of the little company were soon familiar, and the seniors conversed in a friendly way. The squire, or vicar, as he could only be, commenting on the weather with an earnestness that was scarcely in keeping with the vicinity of Bow-bell, and remarking that it was a rare fine season for the hay crop.

"I perceive your heart is in your rural domain, Sir," says Benjamin, with a slight smile.

"Where better?" asks the gentleman, simply; "it hath been there this many a year, since it was a sore-burdened heart within the precincts of Whitehall. Nay, I do not need to hide it now, I am Oliver Cromwell's son, Master Richard."

Harris started unfeignedly and removed his hat, but Master Richard declined the compliment.

"I receive only neighborly tokens of good-will, and I will be glad to accept such from you or any man—but none else. You see, Sir, my father was born Oliver Cromwell, whom the Lord compelled all men to acknowledge; but I was naught save Master Richard: as such I am not ashamed to be greeted down in our shire, where, I trust, it shames no man to greet me, and where I know it would grieve my own folk if I failed them."

But Harris bowed lower to good Master Richard than to Richard Cromwell.

ON THE PILLORY STEPS.

THE SUPERB DELILAH.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XCIII.

MRS. DELILAH JONES.

MR. NEWT'S political friends in New York were naturally anxious when he went to Washington. They had constant communication with the Honorable Mr. Ele in regard to his colleague. They were entirely sure of Mr. Ele, but they could not quite confide in Mr. Newt, nor help feeling that, in some eccentric moment, even his interest might fail to control him.

"The truth is, I begin to be sick of it," said General Belch to the calm William Condor.

That placid-faced gentleman replied that he saw no reason for apprehension.

"But he may let things out, you know," said Belch.

"Yes, but is not our word as good as his," was the assuring reply.

"Perhaps, perhaps," said General Belch, dolefully, as he remembered the little paper of hints and instructions.

But Belch and Condor were forgotten by the representative they had sent to Congress when he once snuffed the air of Washington. There was something grateful to Abel Newt in the wide sphere and complicated relations of the political capital, of which the atmosphere was one of intrigue, and which was built over the mines and countermines of selfishness. In every political metropolis conscience is out of fashion; and Abel came to Washington in the mood of conspiracy. Yet it was a conspiracy of which he was the sole conspirator, and he smiled as he looked around him and felt the magnetism of sympathy.

He hoodwinked all Belch's spies. The Honorable Mr. Ele could never ascertain any thing about his colleague, until one day when he discovered that the report upon the Grant was to be brought in within a day or two by the Committee, and that it would be recommended. Mr. Ele hastened to Abel's lodging. He found him smoking as usual, with a decanter at hand. It was past midnight, and the room was in the disorder of a bachelor's sanctum.

Mr. Ele seated himself carelessly, so carelessly that Abel saw at once that he had come for some very particular purpose. He offered his friend a tumbler and a cigar, and they talked nimbly of a thousand things. Who had come, who had gone, and how superb Mrs. Delilah Jones was, who had appeared upon the scene, invested with mystery, and bringing a note to each of the colleagues from General Belch.

"Mrs. Delilah Jones," said that gentleman, in a private note to Ele, "is our old friend, Kitty Dunham. She appears as the widow of a captain in the navy, who died a few years since upon the Brazil station. You must have no secrets from each other about our dear friend who shall be nameless."

To Abel Newt, General Belch wrote: "My dear Newt, the lady to whom I have given a letter to you is daughter of an old friend of my family. She married Captain Jones of the navy, whom she lost some years since upon the Brazil station. She has seen the world; has money; and comes to Washington to taste life, to enjoy herself; to doff the sables, perhaps, who knows? Be kind to her, and take care of your heart. Don't forget the Grant in the arms of Delilah! Yours, Belch."

Abel Newt, when he received this letter, looked over his books of reports and statistics.

"Captain Jones; Brazil station," he said, skeptically, to himself. But he found no such name or event in the obituaries; and he was only the more amused by his friend Belch's efforts at circumvention and control.

"My dear Belch, I have your private note, but I have not yet encountered the superb Delilah; nor have I forgotten what you said to me about working 'em through their wives, and sisters, etc. I shall not begin to forget it now, and I hope to make the Delilah useful in the campaign; for there are goslings here, more than you would believe. Thank you for such an ally. *You*, at least, were not born to fail. Yours, A. Newt."

"Goslings, are there? I believe you," said Belch to himself, inwardly chuckling as he read and folded Abel's letter. "Ally, hey? Well; that *is* good," he continued, the chuckle rising into a laugh. "Well, well, I thought Abel Newt was smart; but he doesn't even suspect, and I have played a deeper game than was needed."

"I guess that will fix him," said Abel, as he looked over his letter, laughed, folded it, and sent it off.

Mr. Ele by many a devious path at length approached the object of his visit, and hoped that Mr. Newt would flesh his maiden sword in the coming fray. When he had finished the careless speech which had cost him many an anxious hour of reflection and preparation, and upon the success of which, as a skillful piece of wheedling, he greatly flattered himself, Abel said, without removing his cigar, "I think I shall speak."

He said no more. Mr. Ele shook his foot.

"The widow will do a smashing business this winter, I suppose," he said, at length.

"Likely," replied Newt.

"Know her well?"

"Pretty well."

Mr. Ele retired, for he had learned all that his friend meant he should know.

"Do I know Delilah?" laughed Abel Newt to himself, as he said "Good-night, Ele."

Yes he did. He had followed up his note to General Belch by calling upon the superb Mrs. Delilah Jones. But neither the skillful wig, nor the freshened cheeks, nor the general repairs which her personal appearance had undergone, could hide from Abel the face of Kitty Dunham, whom he had known in other days when suppers were eaten in Grand Street and wagons were driven to Cato's. He betrayed nothing; and she wrote to General Belch that she had disguised herself so that he did not recall her in the least.

Abel was intensely amused by the espionage of the Honorable Mr. Ele and the superb Jones. He told his colleague how greatly he had been impressed by her—that she was really a fascinating woman; and, by Jove! though she was a widow, and no longer twenty, still there were a good many worse things a man might do than fall in love with her. 'Pon honor, he did not feel altogether sure of himself, though he thought he was hardened if any body was.

Mr. Ele smiled, and said, in a serious way, that she was a splendid woman, and if Abel persisted he must look out for a rival.

"For I thought it best to lead him on," he wrote to his friend Belch.

As for the lady herself, Abel was so dexterous that she really began to believe that she might do rather more for herself than her employers. He brought to bear upon her the whole force of the fascination which had once been so irresistible. It was like a blowpipe, and melted out the whole conspiracy against him without her knowing that she had betrayed it. The point of her instructions was that she was to persuade him to be constant to the Grant at any price.

"To-morrow, then, Mr. Newt," she said to him, as they stood together in the crush of a levee at the White House—"to-morrow *our* bill is to be reported, and favorably."

Mrs. Delilah Jones was a pretty woman, and shrewd. She had large eyes, languishing at will—at will, also, bright and piercing. Her face was a smiling, mobile face; the features rather coarse, the expression almost vulgar, but the vulgarity well concealed. She was dressed in the extreme of the mode, and drew Mr. Newt's arm very close to her as she spoke. She observed that Mr. Newt was more than usually disposed to chat. The honorable representative had dined.

"*Our* bill, Lady Delilah? Thank you for that," said Abel, in a low voice, and almost pressing the hand that lay upon his close-held arm.

The reply was a slow turn of the head, and a half languishment in the eyes as they sought his with the air of saying, "Would you deceive a woman who trusts in you utterly?"

They moved out of the throng a little, and stood by the window.

"I wish I dared to ask you one thing, as a pure favor," said the superb Mrs. Delilah Jones, and this time the eyes were firm and bright.

"I hoped, by this time, that you dared every thing," replied Abel, with a vague reproach in his tone.

Mrs. Jones looked at him for a moment with a look of honest inquiry in her eyes. His own did not falter. Their expression combined confidence and respect.

"May I then ask," she said, earnestly, and raising her other hand as if to lay it imploringly upon his shoulder, but somehow it fell into his hand, which was raised simultaneously, and which did not let it go—

"For my sake will you speak in favor of it?" she asked, casting her eyes down.

"For your sake, Delilah," he said, in a musical whisper, and under the rouge her cheeks tingled—"for your sake I will make a speech—my maiden speech."

There was more conversation between them. The Honorable Mr. Ele stood guard, so to speak, and by incessant chatter warded off the company from pressing upon them unawares. The guests smiled as they looked on; and after the levee the newspapers circulated rumors (it was before the days of "Personal"), that were read with profound interest throughout the country, that the young and talented representative from the commercial emporium had not forfeited his reputation as a squire of dames, and gossip already declared that the charming and superb Mrs. D--li--h J--nes would ere long exchange that honored name for one not less esteemed.

When Abel returned from the levee he threw himself into his chair, and said, aloud,

"Isn't a man lucky who is well paid for doing just what he meant to do?"

For Abel Newt intended to get all he could from the Grant, and to enjoy himself as fully as possible while getting it; but he had his own work to do, and to that his power was devoted. To make a telling speech upon the winning side was one of his plans, and accordingly he made it.

When the bill was reported as it had been drafted by his friends in New York, it had been arranged that Mr. Newt should catch the speaker's eye. His figure and face attracted attention, and his career in Washington had already made him somewhat known. During the time he had been there his constant employment had been a study of the House, and of its individual members, as well as of the general character and influence of the speeches. His shrewdness showed him the shallows, the currents, and the reefs. Day after day he saw a great many promising plans, like full-sailed ships, ground upon the flats of dullness, strike rocks of prejudice, or whirl in the currents of crudity, until they broke up and went down out of sight.

He rose, and his first words arrested attention. He treated the House with consummate art, as he might have treated a woman whom he wished to persuade. The House was favorably inclined before. It was resolved when he sat down. For he had shown so clearly that it was one of the cases in which patriotism and generosity—the finer feelings and only a moderate expense—were all one, that the majority, who were determined to pass the Grant in any case, were charmed to have the action so imposingly stated; and the minority, who knew that it was useless to oppose it, enjoyed the rhetoric of the speech, and, as it was brief, and did not encroach upon dinner-time, smiled approval, and joined in the congratulation to Mr. Newt upon his very sensible and admirable oration.

In the midst of the congratulations Abel raised his eyes to Mrs. Delilah Jones, who sat conspicuous in the gallery.

The Honorable Abel Newt was the lion of the hour. The days of dinner invitations and evening parties suddenly returned. He did not fail to use the rising tide. It helped to float him more securely to the fulfillment of his great work. Meanwhile he saw Mrs. Jones every day. She no longer tried to play a game.

The report of his speech was scattered abroad in the papers. General Belch rubbed his hands and expectorated with an energy that showed the warmth of his feeling. Far away in quiet Delafield, when the news arrived, Mr. Savory Gray lost no time in improving the pregnant text. The scholars were all impressed with the idea that Mr. Newt was a great man because he had been one of Mr. Gray's boys. The Washington world soon knew his story, the one conspicuous fact being that he was the favorite nephew of the rich merchant, Lawrence Newt. The dinner invitations, the evening notes, fell upon his table more profusely than ever.

CHAPTER XCIV.

PASSAGE TAKEN.

One man knew the real state of things. One man felt the total ruin of a life. One man striking blindly out in desperation and hate, sought to smite at one blow the happiness which he had lost forever. That man sat by the side of the superb Mrs. Delilah Jones, and his name was Abel Newt. Delilah was his slave now, not General Belch's.

He had a great work to do—it was to wreak vengeance upon his foes. It was not a matter of reason: it was an impulse. Why Lawrence Newt was his enemy, or Hope Wayne, or any of their circle, or whether they were so, he could not say. He did not know. He did not care. Why had he hated Gabriel Bennet at school? He only knew that there remained but the possibility of injury. He only hesitated as to how he should strike the blow.

Nor did he hesitate long.

Ambition, political success, social prestige had no fascination for a man who was half imbruted, and utterly disappointed and worn out. One thing only he really wanted. He wanted money—money, which could buy the only pleasures of which he was now capable.

"Look here, Delilah—I like that name better than Kitty; it means something—you know Belch. So do I. Do you suppose a man would work with him or for him except for more advantage than he can insure? Or do you think *I* want to slave for the public—*I* work for the public? God! would I be every man's nigger? No, Mrs. Delilah Jones, emphatically not. I will be my own master, and yours, and my revered uncle will foot the bills."

The woman looked at him inquiringly. It was not love that shone in her eyes, but she was fascinated. She was a willing captive. She accepted him as master.

"It isn't for you to know how he will pay," said Abel, "but to enjoy the fruits."

The woman, in whose face there were yet the ruins of a coarse beauty, which pleased Abel now as the most fiery liquor gratified his palate, looked at him, and said,

"Abel, what are we to do?"

"To be happy," he answered, with the old hard, black light in his eyes.

She almost shuddered as she heard the tone and saw the look, and yet she did not feel as if she could escape the spell of his power.

"To be happy!" she repeated. "To be happy!"

Her voice fell as she spoke the words. Her life had not been a long one. She had laughed a great deal, but she had never been happy. She knew Abel from old days. She saw him, now, sodden, bloated—but fascinating still. Was he the magician to conjure happiness for her?

"What is your plan?" she asked.

"I have two passages taken in a brig for the Mediterranean. We go to New York a day or two before she sails. That's all."

"And then?" asked his companion, with wonder and doubt in her voice.

"And then a blissful climate and happiness."

"And then?" she persisted, in a low, doubtful voice.

"Then Hell—if you are anxious for it," said Abel, in a sharp, sudden voice.

The poor woman cowered as she sat. Men had often enough sworn at her; but she recoiled from the roughness of this lover as if it hurt her. Her eyes were not languishing now, but startled—then slowly they grew dim and soft with tears.

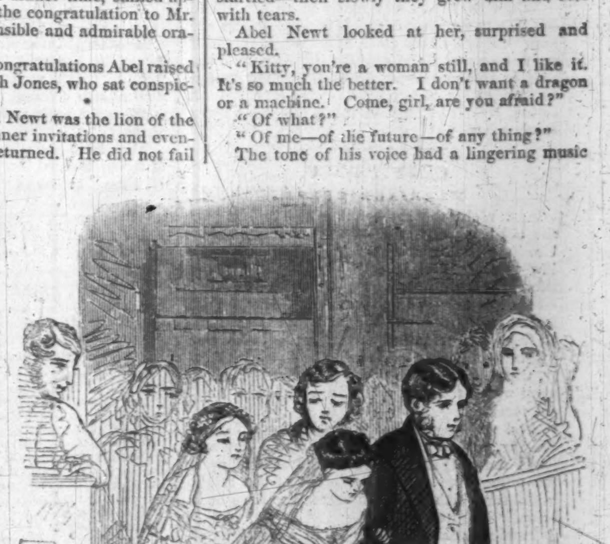
Abel Newt looked at her, surprised and pleased.

"Kitty, you're a woman still, and I like it. It's so much the better. I don't want a dragon or a machine. Come, girl, are you afraid?"

"Of what?"

"Of me—of the future—of any thing?"

The tone of his voice had a lingering music



MARRIAGE BELLS.

of the same kind as the lingering beauty in her face. It was a sensual, seductive sound.

"No, I am not afraid," she answered, turning to him. "But oh! my God! my God! if we were only both young again!"

She spoke with passionate hopelessness, and the tears dried in her eyes.

Later in the evening Mrs. Delilah Jones appeared at the French Minister's ball.

"Upon the whole," said Mr. Ele to his partner, "I have never seen Mrs. Jones so superb as she is to-night."

His partner looked at the widow calmly, and smoothed the skirt of her dress as she answered—

"Yes, I know she is called pretty, but I don't somehow see it. I suppose I am *so* jealous, you know."

And she glanced deprecatingly at her companion.

"Oh, if *I* could ever hope to arouse your jealousy!" said the Honorable Barabbas Jawley Ele.

They passed into another room. And others passed, and others. The bright crowd circled and swayed. But Mrs. Delilah Jones stood by the mantel, queen-like—so the representatives from several States remarked—and all the evening fresh comers offered homage.

"Ma foi!" said the old Brazilian Embassador, as he gazed at her through his glass, and smacked his lips.

"Tiens!" responded the sexagenarian representative from Chili, half closing one eye.

They passed on also, and pouring out a glass of fiery old Madeira, looked gravely at each other over the rims of the glasses.

"Santé!" was uttered through the heavy mustache of each.

They heard a noise, and looked at the other end of the room. Mr. Abel Newt was talking loudly.

"Your remark was offensive, Sir."

It was a youthful *attaché* of the British Legation whom he addressed, and who had observed, *sotto voce*, to his friend the French Secretary, something in relation to the superb Mrs. Jones.

The youthful *attaché* looked confused. He meant to look calm and superior, but the Honorable Mr. Newt had an excessively belligerent air.

"I am not aware that I am responsible to you, Sir, for my remarks," said the *attaché*.

"By G—, Sir, do you insult me?" vociferated Abel, moving upon the young man.

"There's no insult. Will you explain by what right you question my remarks?"

"That's fair. That's fair," said the honorable members in the vicinity.

"As a friend of the lady's, Sir."

"Have you any authority to interpose for her, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Abel, pompously, and with bullying dignity.

"In that case, Sir, I beg pardon," returned the *attaché*.

"Yes, Sir," said Mr. Newt, with the same magisterial gravity, shaking his head majestically. "Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir," he continued, as if unable to stop, and evidently unaware of what he was assenting to.

The crowd left him still shaking his head unsteadily, and the *attaché* remarked to his friend the Secretary:

"Now I'm going to have my revenge by congratulating Mrs. Jones."

When that lady was ready to go she asked Mr. Ele to find her friend Mr. Newt, whom she had promised to set down at his lodgings. The gentleman was found soundly sleeping upon the sofa in the supper-room; and, assisted by the Honorable Mr. Ele and the superb Mrs. Delilah Jones, Mr. Newt reached the carriage, and was taken home.

CHAPTER XCV.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

All night the snow fell softly, building of the old brick city of Manhattan a city of marble. As the light wind touched it there was a low rustling sound, as if of conscious happy life. Lighting on the roofs, on the balconies, on the door-steps, on the window-sills, upon the branches of trees, and the boxes that imprisoned them—wherever a point protruded, wherever a flake could lodge—all night the snow fell softly, weaving the pure white robe for the earth, upon which the sun, rising in a cloudless heaven, sparkled.

And the eyes of Hope Wayne and of Amy Waring, and of all the friends who knew and loved them, sparkled also, as they shone upon the pure white day and thought of the bright bridal for which the earth seemed to have been bridally brightened.

In Mrs. Bennet's house there were signs of something strange. In Mrs. Newt's quiet home there was a swift gliding to and fro. In one room in each of those houses something was hidden—something precious for which every body was busy. Yes, there was a pearl ready in the casket—a bride waiting in her chamber.

Precisely at noon from each house there were departing carriages. They met at the door of the same church, and there were such greetings as only happy weddings see.

Gabriel Bennet and Edward Wynne shook hands as they stood in the church porch, each with a woman upon his arm that within the hour would be a wife.

"How lovely Ellen is this morning!" whispered Gabriel, as he spoke to Edward of his bride, and yet looked at his own.

"I never saw May so beautiful," whispered Edward to Gabriel, looking tenderly at Ellen.

A few moments of solemn service. Before heaven and earth, before God and men, I take this woman, of all women, for my wife—this man, of all men, for my husband. Then the sweet chorus of kisses and happy sobs, the eager press and flutter and congratulation.

Lawrence Newt and Amy Waring stood side by side and wished the young people joy. Hope Wayne smiled, gayly and cheerfully, and when she kissed Mrs. Edward Wynne, that lady, with the moist roses of her cheeks growing rosier, whispered, as she held her for a moment,

"Sister Hope—not a goddess, a dear, loving woman."

Sister Hope did not clearly understand, but she smiled the more, and drove home to Mrs. Bennet's, in the carriage with Lawrence Newt and Amy Waring. There were no clouds any more, no more constraints and doubts.

At the double wedding dinner every body that should have been there was present, except Mr. Dinks, and Mr. Boniface Newt, who went to no more festivities, but sat silent by the fire at home, gazing about the room sometimes, and always slowly beating his long, white, skinny fingers upon his knees, as if keeping time to some refrain which he did not utter. Mrs. Newt was not there. Her nerves, she said, would not suffer it, and the Honorable Abel Newt was detained by his public duties at Washington.

But Fanny Newt and Aunt Martha and Arthur Merlin and Mrs. Simcoe sat quiet and cheerful at the table.

"It's all your doing," said Mrs. Bennet, as she smiled through tears upon Lawrence Newt, who sat beside her. "You are the guilty man."

He laughed and looked demure. But Amy Waring had a light in her eyes that expressed the most unquestioning assent to her aunt's remark; and Hope Wayne, turning to Lawrence Newt, smilingly shook her head in agreement.

He filled a glass, and tapped the table. Every body stopped and looked.

"I will give a toast upon one condition," said Lawrence Newt.

"Name the condition," answered Arthur.

"That nobody shall make a speech."

There was laughing assent all round.

"The health, then, of Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Bennet, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wynne."

Mr. Arthur Merlin cried "Hear, hear!" and "Bravo, bravo!"

Gabriel turned to Edward, and said:

"There couldn't have been any reply, or we must both have spoken at once."

"Not at all," replied Edward.

"How so, Little Malacca?"

"Because, Sir, you are the older married man," answered Edward.

"By at least fifteen minutes," said Hope Wayne.

At a happy wedding dinner kindliness sparkles like wit. The bright hours flew by, and the full moon shone upon the snow. Arthur Merlin looked out of the window and thought of his picture.

Mr. Bennet sat by his wife's side upon the old sofa. They saw their children before them married. But they felt themselves like children. Mrs. Bennet put her hand in her husband's.

"I congratulate you, Sir," she said, softly, with glistening eyes.

The dreamy, quivering sweetness lightened in his own, with a glimmering humor.

"Don't you pity Columbus, *now*, if he were never married?"

LITERARY.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have just published, in a neat 12mo volume, price 75 cents, "Self Help; with Illustrations of Character and Conduct," by Samuel Smiles, the well-known author of "The Life of George Stephenson."

They have also added to their excellent Library of Select Novels, Misrepresentation, by Anna H. Drury, author of "Eastbury."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's Message was read on Tuesday, 27th, in the Senate. After the usual recognition of Providential bounty, the Message goes on:

THE HARPER'S FERRY RAID.

While it is the duty of the President "from time to time to give to Congress information of the state of the Union," I shall not refer in detail to the recent sad and bloody occurrences at Harper's Ferry. Still, it is proper to observe that these events, however bad and cruel in themselves, derive their chief importance from the apprehension that they are but symptoms of an incurable disease in the public mind, which may break out in still more dangerous outrages, and terminate at last in an open war by the North to abolish slavery in the South. While, for myself, I entertain no such apprehension, they ought to afford a solemn warning to us all to beware of the approach of danger. Our Union is a stake of such inestimable value as to demand our constant and watchful vigilance for its preservation. In this view, let me implore my countrymen, North and South, to cultivate the ancient feelings of mutual forbearance and good-will toward each other, and strive to allay the demon spirit of sectional hatred and strife now alive in the land. This advice proceeds from the heart of an old public functionary, whose service commenced in the last generation, among the wise and conservative statesmen of that day, now nearly all passed away, and whose first and dearest earthly wish is to leave his country tranquil, prosperous, united, and powerful.

AN APPEAL TO GOOD FEELING.

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Public opinion in this country is all-powerful, and when it reaches a dangerous excess upon any question the good sense of the people will furnish the corrective and bring it back within safe limits. Still, to hasten this auspicious result, at the present crisis, we ought to remember that every rational creature must be presumed to intend the natural consequences of his own teachings. Those who announce abstract doctrines subversive of the Constitution and the Union must not be surprised should their heated partisans advance one step further, and attempt by violence to carry these doctrines into practical effect. In this view of the subject it ought never to be forgotten that, however great may have been the political advantages resulting from the Union to every portion of our common country, these would all prove to be as nothing should the time ever arrive when they can not be enjoyed without serious danger to the personal safety of the people of fifteen members of the Confederacy. If the peace of the domestic fireside throughout these States should ever be invaded—if the mothers of families within this extensive region should not be able to retire to rest at night without suffering dreadful apprehensions of what might be their own fate and that of their children before the morning—it would be vain to recount to such a people the political benefits which result to them from the Union. Self-preservation is the first instinct of nature; and therefore any state of society in which the sword is all the time suspended over the heads of the people must at last become intolerable. But I indulge in no such gloomy forebodings. On the contrary, I firmly believe that the events at Harper's Ferry, by causing the people to pause and reflect upon the possible peril to their cherished institutions, will be the means, under Providence, of allaying the existing excitement and preventing future outbreaks of a similar character. They will resolve that the Constitution and the Union shall not be endangered by rash counsels, knowing that, should "the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken * * * at the fountain," human power could never reunite the scattered and hostile fragments.

SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES.

I cordially congratulate you upon the final settlement by the Supreme Court of the United States of the question of slavery in the Territories, which had presented an aspect so truly formidable at the commencement of my administration. The right has been established of every citizen to take his property of any kind, including slaves, into the common Territories belonging equally to all the States of the confederacy, and to have it protected there under the Federal constitution. Neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature, nor any human power, has any authority to annul or impair this vested right. The supreme judicial tribunal of the country, which is a co-ordinate branch of the government, has sanctioned and affirmed these principles of constitutional law, so manifestly just in themselves, and so well calculated to promote peace and harmony among the States.

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Thus has the status of a Territory, during the intermediate period from its first settlement until it shall become a State, been irrevocably fixed by the final decision of the Supreme Court. Fortunate has this been for the prosperity of the Territories, as well as the tranquillity of the States. Now emigrants from the North and the South, the East and the West, will meet in the Territories on a common platform, having brought with them that species of property best adapted, in their own opinion, to promote their welfare. From natural causes the slavery question will in each case soon virtually settle itself; and before the Territory is prepared for admission as a State into the Union this decision, one way or the other, will have been a foregone conclusion. Meanwhile the settlement of the new Territory will proceed without serious interruption, and its progress and prosperity will not be endangered or retarded by violent political struggles.

When in the progress of events the inhabitants of any Territory shall have reached the number required to form a State, they will then proceed, in a regular manner, and in the exercise of the rights of popular sovereignty, to form a constitution preparatory to admission into the Union. After this has been done, to employ the language of the Kansas and Nebraska Act, they "shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission." This sound principle has happily been recognized, in some form or other, by an almost unanimous vote of both houses of the last Congress.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

All lawful means at my command have been employed, and shall continue to be employed, to execute the laws against the African slave-trade. After a most careful and rigorous examination of our coasts, and a thorough investigation of the subject, we have not been able to discover that any slaves have been imported into the United States except the cargo by the *Wanderer*, numbering between three and four hundred. Those engaged in this unlawful enterprise have been rigorously prosecuted, but not with as much success as their crimes have deserved. A number of them are still under prosecution.

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Reopen the trade, and it would be difficult to determine whether the effect would be more deleterious on the interests of the master or on those of the native born slave. Of the evils to the master, the one most to be dreaded would be the introduction of wild, heathen, and ignorant barbarians among the sober, orderly, and quiet slaves, whose ancestors have been on the soil for several generations. This might tend to barbarize, demoralize, and exasperate the whole mass, and produce the most deplorable consequences.

The effect upon the existing slave would, if possible, be still more deplorable.

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THE SAN JUAN AFFAIR.

After mentioning the Marcy agreement with the British Government, the President continues:

Thus matters remained upon the faith of this arrangement until the 9th of July last, when General Harney paid a visit to the island. He found upon it twenty-five American residents with their families, and also an establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company for the purpose of raising sheep. A short time before his arrival one of these residents had shot an animal belonging to the company, while trespassing upon his premises, for which, however, he offered to pay twice its value; but that was refused. Soon after "the chief factor of the company at Victoria, Mr. Dalles, son-in-law of Governor Douglass, came to the Island in the British sloop-of-war *Satellite*, and threatened to take "this American (Mr. Cutler) by force to Victoria, to answer for the trespass he had committed. The American seized his rifle, and told Mr. Dalles if any such attempt was made he would kill him on the spot. The affair then ended."

Under these circumstances the American settlers presented a petition to the General, "through the United States Inspector of Customs, Mr. Hubbs, to place a force upon the island, to protect them from the Indians as well as the oppressive interference of the authorities of the Hudson Bay Company at Victoria with their rights as American citizens." The General immediately responded to this petition, and ordered Captain Geo. E. Pickett, 9th Infantry, "to establish his company on Bellevue, or San Juan Island, on some suitable position near the harbor at the southeastern extremity." This order was promptly obeyed, and a military post was established at the place designated. The force was afterward increased, so that by the last return the whole number of troops then on the island amounted in the aggregate to 691 men.

BRITISH ACTS AND REPRESENTATIONS.

While I do not deem it proper, on the present occasion, to go further into the subject, and discuss the weight which ought to be attached to the statements of the British colonial authorities, contesting the accuracy of the information on which the gallant General acted, it was due to him that I should thus present his own reasons for issuing the order to Captain Pickett. From these it is quite clear his object was to prevent the British authorities on Vancouver's Island from exercising jurisdiction over American residents on the Island of San Juan, as well as to protect them against the incursions of the Indians.

Much excitement prevailed for some time throughout that region, and serious danger of collision between the parties was apprehended. The British had a large naval force in the vicinity, and it is but an act of simple justice to the admiral on that station to state that he wisely and discreetly forbore to commit any hostile act, but determined to refer the whole affair to his government and await their instructions.

GENERAL SCOTT'S MISSION.

This aspect of the matter, in my opinion, demanded serious attention. It would have been a great calamity for both nations had they been precipitated into acts of hostility not on the question of title to the island, but merely concerning what should be its condition during the intervening period while the two governments might be employed in settling the question to which of them it belongs. For this reason Lieutenant-General Scott was dispatched on the 17th of September last to Washington Territory, to take immediate command of the United States forces on the Pacific coast should he deem this necessary. The main object of his mission was to carry out the spirit of the precautionary arrangement between the the late Secretary of State and the British Minister, and thus to preserve the peace and prevent collision between the British and American authorities pending the negotiations between the two governments. Entertaining no doubt of the validity of our title, I need scarcely add that, in any event, American citizens were to be placed on a footing at least as favorable as that of British subjects, it being understood that Captain Pickett's company should remain on the island. It is proper to observe that, considering the distance from the scene of action, and in ignorance of what might have transpired on the spot before the General's arrival, it was necessary to leave much to his discretion, and I am happy to state the event has proven that this discretion could not have been intrusted to more competent hands. General Scott has recently returned from his mission, having successfully accomplished its objects, and there is no longer any good reason to apprehend a collision between the forces of the two countries during the pendency of the existing negotiations.

THE STATE OF MEXICO.

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The excesses which always attend upon civil war, especially in Mexico, are constantly recurring. Outrages of the worst description are committed both upon persons and property. There is scarcely any form of injury which has not been suffered by our citizens in Mexico during the last few years. We have been nominally at peace with that republic, but "so far as the interests of our commerce or of our citizens who have visited the country as merchants, shipmasters, or in other capacities, are concerned, we might as well have been at war." Life has been insecure, property unprotected, and trade impossible except at a risk of loss which prudent men can not be expected to incur. Important contracts involving large expenditures, entered into by the central government, have been set at defiance by the local governments. Peaceful American residents, occupying their rightful possessions, have been suddenly expelled the country, in defiance of treaties, and by the mere force of arbitrary power. Even the course of justice has not been safe from control, and a recent decree of Miramon permits the intervention of government in all suits where either party is a foreigner. Vessels of the United States have been seized without law, and a consular officer who protested against such seizure has been fined and imprisoned for disrespect to the authorities. Military contributions have been levied in violation of every principle of right, and the American who resisted the lawless demand has had his property forcibly taken away, and has been himself banished. From a conflict of authority in different parts of the country, tariff duties which have been paid in one place have been exacted over again in another place. Large numbers of our citizens have been arrested and imprisoned without any form of examination or any opportunity for a hearing, and even when released have only obtained their liberty after much suffering and injury, and without any hope of redress. The wholesale massacre of Crabbe and his associates without trial in Sonora, as well as the seizure and murder of four sick Americans who had taken shelter in the house of an American, upon the soil of the United States, was communicated to Congress at its last session. Murders of a still more atrocious character have been committed in the very heart of Mexico, under the authority of Miramon's government, during the present year. Some of these were only worthy of a barbarous age, and, if they had not been clearly proven, would have seemed impossible in a country which claims to be civilized. Of this description was the brutal massacre, in April last, by order of General Marquez, of three American physicians, who were seized in the hospital at Tacubaya while attending upon the sick and dying of both parties, and without trial, as without crime, were hurried away to speedy execution. Little less shocking was the recent fate of Ormond Chase, who was shot in Tepic on the 7th of August, by order of the same Mexican general, not only without a trial, but without any conjecture by his friends of the cause of his arrest. He is represented as a young man of good character and intelligence, who had made numerous friends in Tepic by the courage and humanity which he had displayed on several trying occasions, and his death was as unexpected as it was shocking to the whole community. Other outrages might be enumerated, but these are sufficient to illustrate the wretched state of the country and the unprotected condition of the persons and property of our citizens in Mexico.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

In all these cases our Ministers have been constant and faithful in their demands for redress, but both they and this Government, which they have successively represented, have been wholly powerless to make their demands effective. Their testimony in this respect, and in reference to the only remedy which, in their judgments, would meet the exigency, has been both uniform and emphatic. "Nothing but a manifestation of the power of the Government of the United States (wrote our late Minister in 1856), and of its purpose to punish these wrongs, will avail. I assure you that the universal belief here is that there is nothing to be apprehended from the Government of the United States, and that local Mexican officials can commit these outrages upon American citizens with absolute impunity." "I hope the President" (wrote our present Minister in August last) "will feel authorized to ask from Congress the Power to enter Mexico with the military forces of the United States, at the call of the constitutional authorities, in order to protect the citizens and the treaty rights of the United States. Unless such a power is conferred upon him, neither the one nor the other will be respected in the existing state of anarchy and disorder, and the outrages already perpetrated will never be chastised; and, as I assured you in my No. 23, all these evils must increase until every vestige of order and government disappears from the country." I have been reluctantly led to the same opinion, and, in justice to my countrymen who have suffered wrongs from Mexico, and who may still suffer them, I feel bound to announce this conclusion to Congress.

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A MILITARY OCCUPATION NECESSARY.

The wrongs which we have suffered from Mexico are before the world, and must deeply impress every American citizen. A government which is either unable or unwilling to redress such wrongs is derelict to its highest duties. The difficulty consists in selecting and enforcing the remedy. We may in vain apply to the constitutional government at Vera Cruz, although it is well disposed to do us justice, for adequate redress. While its authority is acknowledged in all the important ports and throughout the sea-coasts of the republic, its power does not extend to the city of Mexico and the States in its vicinity, where nearly all the recent outrages have been committed on American citizens. We must penetrate into the interior before we can reach the offenders; and this can only be done by passing through the territory in the occupation of the constitutional government. The most acceptable and least difficult mode of accomplishing the object will be to act in concert with that government. Their consent and their aid might, I believe, be obtained; but if not, our obligation to protect our own citizens in their just rights, secured by treaty, would not be the less imperative. For these reasons, I recommend to Congress to pass a law authorizing the President, under such conditions as they may deem expedient, to employ a sufficient military force to enter Mexico for the purpose of obtaining indemnity for the past and security for the future. I purposely refrain from any suggestion as to whether this force shall consist of regular troops or volunteers, or both. This question may be most appropriately left to the decision of Congress. I would merely observe that, should volunteers be selected, such a force could be easily raised in this country among those who

sympathize with the sufferings of our unfortunate fellow-citizens in Mexico, and with the unhappy condition of that republic. Such an accession to the forces of the constitutional government would enable it soon to reach the city of Mexico, and extend its power over the whole republic. In that event there is no reason to doubt that the just claims of our citizens would be satisfied, and adequate redress obtained for the injuries inflicted upon them. The constitutional government have ever evinced a strong desire to do us justice; and this might be secured in advance by a preliminary treaty.

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MR. WARD AT PEKIN.

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On the arrival of Mr. Ward at Pekin he requested an audience of the Emperor to present his letter of credence. This he did not obtain, in consequence of his very proper refusal to submit to the humiliating ceremonies required by the etiquette of this strange people in approaching their sovereign. Nevertheless the interviews on this question were conducted in the most friendly spirit and with all due regard to his personal feelings and the honor of his country. When a presentation to his Majesty was found to be impossible, the letter of credence from the President was received with peculiar honors by Kweiliang, "the Emperor's Prime Minister, and the second man in the empire to the Emperor himself." The ratifications of the treaty were afterward, on the 16th of August, exchanged in proper form at Pei-tsang. As the exchange did not take place until after the day prescribed by the treaty, it is deemed proper, before its publication, again to submit it to the Senate.

It is but simple justice to the Chinese authorities to observe that, throughout the whole transaction, they appear to have acted in good faith and in a friendly spirit toward the United States. It is true this has been done after their own peculiar fashion; but we ought to regard with a lenient eye the ancient customs of an empire dating back for thousands of years, so far as this may be consistent with our own national honor. The conduct of our Minister on the occasion has received my entire approbation.

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A CHANGE IN STATE ELECTIONS PROPOSED.

The failure to pass the Post-office Bill necessarily gives birth to serious reflections. Congress, by refusing to pass the general appropriation bills necessary to carry on the Government, may not only arrest its action, but might even destroy its existence. The Army, the Navy, the Judiciary, in short, every department of the Government can no longer perform their functions if Congress refuse the money necessary for their support. If this failure should teach the country the necessity of electing a full Congress in sufficient time to enable the President to convene them in any emergency, even immediately after the old Congress has expired, it will have been productive of great good. In a time of sudden and alarming danger, foreign or domestic, which all nations must expect to encounter in their progress, the very salvation of our institutions may be staked upon the assembling of Congress without delay. If, under the circumstances, the President should find himself in the condition in which he was placed at the close of the last Congress, with nearly half the States of the Union destitute of representatives, the consequences might be disastrous. I therefore recommend to Congress to carry into effect the provisions of the Constitution on this subject, and to pass a law appointing some day previous to the 4th of March in each year of odd number for the election of representatives throughout all the States. They have already appointed a day for the election of electors for President and Vice-President, and this measure has been approved by the country.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

I would again express a most decided opinion in favor of the construction of a Pacific railroad, for the reasons stated in my two last annual messages. When I reflect upon what would be the defenseless condition of our States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains in case of a war with a naval power sufficiently strong to interrupt all intercourse with them by the routes across the Isthmus, I am still more convinced than ever of the vast importance of this railroad. I have never doubted the constitutional competency of Congress to provide for its construction, but this exclusively under the war-making power. Besides, the Constitution expressly requires, as an imperative duty, that "the United States shall protect each of them [the States] against invasion." I am at a loss to conceive how this protection can be afforded to California and Oregon against such a naval power by any other means. I repeat the opinion contained in my last annual Message, that it would be inexpedient for the Government to undertake this great work by agents of its own appointment and under its direct and exclusive control. This would increase the patronage of the Executive to a dangerous extent, and would foster a system of jobbing and corruption which no vigilance on the part of Federal officials could prevent. The construction of this road ought, therefore, to be intrusted to incorporated companies, or other agencies, who would exercise that active and vigilant supervision over it which can be inspired alone by a sense of corporate and individual interest. I venture to assert that the additional cost of transporting troops, munitions of war, and necessary supplies for the army across the vast intervening plains to our possessions on the Pacific Coast, would be greater in such a war than the whole amount required to construct the road. And yet this resort would, after all, be inadequate for their defense and protection.

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE.

We have yet scarcely recovered from the habits of extravagant expenditure, produced by our overflowing Treasury, during several years prior to the commencement of my administration. The financial reverses which we have since experienced aught to teach us all to scrutinize our expenditures with the greatest vigilance, and to reduce them to the lowest possible point. The Executive Departments of the Government have devoted themselves to the accomplishment of this object with considerable success, as will appear from their different reports and estimates. To these I invite the scrutiny of Congress, for the purpose of reducing them still lower, if this be practicable, consistent with the great public interests of the country. In aid of the policy of retrenchment I pledge myself to examine closely the bills appropriating lands or money, so that if any of these should inadvertently pass both Houses, as must sometimes be the case, I may afford them an opportunity for reconsideration. At the same time we ought never to forget that true public economy consists, not in witholding the means necessary to accomplish important national objects confided to us by the Constitution, but in taking care that the money appropriated for these purposes shall be faithfully and frugally expended.

It will appear from the report of the Secretary of the Treasury that it is extremely doubtful, to say the least, whether we shall be able to pass through the present and next fiscal year without providing additional revenue. This can only be accomplished by strictly confining the appropriations within the estimates of the different Departments, without making an allowance for any additional expenditures which Congress may think proper, in their discretion, to authorize, and without providing for the redemption of any portion of the $20,000,000 of Treasury notes which have been already issued. In the event of a deficiency, which I consider probable, this ought never to be supplied by a resort to additional loans. It would be a ruinous practice in the days of peace and prosperity to go on increasing the national debt to meet the ordinary expenses of the Government. This policy would cripple our resources and impair our credit in case the existence of war should render it necessary to borrow money. Should such a deficiency occur as I apprehend, I would recommend that the necessary revenue be raised by an increase of our present duties on imports. I need not repeat the opinion expressed in my last annual Message as to the best mode and manner of accomplishing this object, and shall now merely observe that these have since undergone no change.

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The balance of the Message refers to matters with which our readers are already acquainted. We pass to the reports of the various departments of State.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The Secretary's figures are:

REVENUE.

The revenue from ordinary sources for the year 1858–'59 was	$53,405,071
Borrowed on Treasury notes and loan of 1858	28,287,400
Balance in Treasury on 1st July, 1858	6,398 316
Total revenue	$88,090,787

EXPENDITURE.

The expenditure for the service of Government, including army, navy, interior, civil and diplomatic service, etc., was	$66,346,226
Interest on the debt and Treasury notes paid, etc.	17,405,285
Total expenditure	$83,751,511

This left a balance in hand on the 1st of July, 1859, of $4,339,276, about two millions less than the Treasury had held at the same period of 1858.

Passing next to the fiscal year 1859–'60 (half of which has nearly expired), the Secretary's estimates are as follows:

REVENUE.

Balance on July 1, 1859	$4,339,276
Ordinary revenue for 1859–'60	60,297,565
To be borrowed on Treasury notes and stock of 1858	10,747,700
Total revenue	$75,384,541

EXPENDITURE.

Service of Government, as above	$56,338,366
Interest on debt	4,664,366
Total expenditure	$61,002,732

The balance thus left would be $14,381,808; but the unpaid debts of the Post-office Department, and other appropriations required, will have to come out of this; so that, assuming that no new appropriations are made by Congress, the balance on 1st July, 1860, will be really some ten millions less than above stated.

The Secretary says:

It will be seen that there will be no necessity to provide additional means for the Treasury, provided the receipts should be equal to the estimates, and the appropriations made by Congress do not exceed the amounts estimated for by the department.

I submit, with much confidence, the estimate of probable receipts during the present and next fiscal years. It is based upon the operations of our trade and commerce for the last twelve months, and upon the conviction that the business of the country will continue in its present state of comparative prosperity.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The Secretary of War reports that, while the authorized strength of the Army is 18,165, the number in July last was only 17,498; and 11,000 of that number were alone available for service in the field. Small as it is, the force has been required to man about 130 permanent garrisons, posts, and camps, scattered over an area of three millions of square miles, and consequently it has been impossible to give ample security to citizens on our frontiers. In relation to the Indian depredations on our Southern and Mexican border, the Secretary hopes to make such alteration in the disposition of the troops next season as will prevent any repetition. Measures have already been taken to subdue the Camanches and Kiowas, and give protection to the routes from Missouri and Arkansas to New Mexico. He recommends that provision be made for retiring disabled and infirm officers. The necessity for enlisting teamsters is urged, as is the enlistment of frontier citizens for frontier service, for six months' terms, the men to provide their own horses. He speaks favorably of the condition of the military academies, of the experiments in breech-loading guns, and of the use of camels for service in the interior. The whole cost of the Army is put down at $13,008,725 72, which he thinks may be considerably reduced. The condition of affairs in Utah is such that there is scarcely any necessity for troops there, and they will probably soon be withdrawn. The report concludes with a brief account of John Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy enters largely into the achievements of the Paraguay Squadron, and into the new and extended arrangements for suppressing the African Slave-trade. Reference is made to the fact that a score of new steam-vessels had been added to the navy since the accession of the present administration; an augmentation which has called for a corresponding enlargement of the personal force—officers, pursers, and crews. Events at San Juan and at the mouth of the Peiho are touched upon; and the explorations of Lieutenant Brooke among the Pacific Islands are spoken of with approval. A contract executed with the Chiriqui Improvement Company by the Department is represented to be of great value. It concedes large areas of land on either side of the Isthmus, rights of transit, and the occupation of the necessary harbors, and the ownership of all coal found on the Company's territories. For this, $300,000 are to be paid, should Congress ratify the bargain. The expenditures of the Department for the last fiscal year were $14,659,267; the appropriations $14,509,254. The estimated expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1860, were $13,500,370; the appropriation $10,464,709. For the year ending June 30, 1861, the estimates are $11,244,845.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

The Report of the Secretary of the Interior embodies a mass of information relative to the several bureaus constituting that Department. The General Land Office presents this general synopsis of its business: During the five quarters ending September 30, 1859, 18,618,183 acres of the public lands were disposed of; 4,970,500 acres were sold for cash, yielding $2,107,476; 3 617,440 acres were located with bounty land warrants; 1,712,040 were approved to the several States entitled to them under the swamp grants of March 2, 1849, and September 28, 1850; and 6,318,203 acres certified to States, as falling to them under the grants for railroad purposes. The Indian Bureau states that the average annual expenditure on Indian account is $3,055,270, and that the funded capital of the annuities to be paid to the Indians is $21,472,423. There are 350,000 of the Aborigines within the limits of the Federal Union. The Commissioner of Pensions has 11,585 pensioners on his roll, calling for $1,034,915 in money. The necessary expenses which will be incurred for the census, will require the appropriation of at least $1,000,000. It is believed both wise and just to confine the purchase and distribution at the Agricultural Office to such varieties of plants, seeds, cuttings, etc., as have not already been introduced into the country. An appropriation to provide for permanent and convenient accommodations for the Courts of the United States in New York in Burton's Theatre Building, Chambers Street, is recommended.

REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

The Report of the Postmaster-General dwells largely upon the financial embarrassments of the year, attributable to the failure of the usual appropriations. The amount of ascertained liabilities not met by the Department, but due to this neglect, is declared to be $4,296,000, while abilities to the amount of $11,458,000 have been liquidated. The gross revenues of the year were $7,908,484. These, added to a balance on the books of the Auditor, and to unemployed appropriations, constitute a total of $12,168,290 available resources, against expenditures amounting to $11,558,139 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1859. For the fiscal year terminating on the same day, 1860, the Postmaster-General estimates the sum required to be $14,871,547; there having been already expended, under special acts, $167,080 for different branches of the Pacific Mail service. The resources for the same period are estimated at $10,316,000, leaving, with a reserve of uncollected postages, a deficiency of $5,526,334. The total annual transportation of mails on the 30th of June last, was 83,308,402 miles, costing $9,498,757. The decrease in the length of routes from 1858 was 561 miles; the routes by rail, steamboat, and coach having been largely increased, and those by minor facilities curtailed to the extent of 16,637 miles. The number of post-offices is 28,539, an aggregate increase of 562 for the year. The Postmaster-General is pregnant with projects of reform. One of his plans contemplates the discouragement of the system of newspaper exchanges, by withdrawing the immunity from postage heretofore enjoyed by the Press; another, the award of bids for transportation to parties contracting to furnish the utmost celerity, independently of the mode of carriage; another, the final abandonment of the Tehuantepec Isthmus as a mail route. In regard to the service between Portland and New Orleans, further legislation is pronounced requisite. And that clause of the Act of June, 1858, which directs a preference to be given in the transportation of the European mails to an American steamer, even at the expense of three days' delay, is recommended for repeal. The document is extremely long.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 26th December, the Senate not being in session, in the House, Mr. Smith, of Virginia, having the floor in continuation of his speech commenced on Friday, was interrupted by a variety of interpolations and contradictory motions, some looking to an adjournment over the holidays, some to an adjournment for the day, and others an adjournment until Mr. Smith should have ended his speech. Mr. Moore, of Kentucky, endeavored vainly to obtain a hearing for a proposition advocating the election of Mr. Boteler after the thirty-sixth ballot. The motion to adjourn until Tuesday at length prevailed.

On Tuesday, 27th December, in the Senate, the Message was listened to, after the resistance of Republican Senators had been overcome. Mr. Brown recommended it to be laid on the table; Mr. Clingman, that all action in regard to it should be postponed to January 3; Mr. Bright, that the usual course be adopted—that the Message and documents be ordered to be printed, and that his motion to that effect lie over until after the holidays. The latter suggestion having been accepted, the Senate adjourned until Friday.——The House having declined to hear the Message, Mr. Smith, of Virginia, concluded his speech. Mr. Houston, of Alabama, then moved that a Speaker be elected for ten days, during which the appropriations for the Post-office Department might be passed. The Republicans opposed this measure; they were ready to elect a Speaker for the whole session. A ballot for Speaker ensued, there being 208 members present, rendering 105 necessary to a choice. Sherman received 101; Mr. Scott (of California), 17; Mr. Houston, 15; Messrs. Gilmer and Bocock, each, 14; Mr. Maclay, 12; scattering, 35. The House then adjourned.

On Wednesday, 28th, in the House, the Senate not being in session, speeches were made by Mr. Morris, of Illinois, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, and others. Mr. Brabson, of Tennessee, placed before the House the name of Mr. Maynard, of the same State, as that of an independent conservative, in all respects entitled to the support of conservative men of both sections. The vote was interrupted by constant debate, each gentleman taking pains to explain the reasons of his vote. When the result was declared, there were found to be 105 necessary to a choice—of which Mr. Sherman received 101; and Mr. Maynard 65. The rest were scattering.

On Thursday, 29th, in the House, speeches were made by Mr. Morris and Mr. Millson. Mr. Grow then took the floor to reply to some remarks made some days before by Mr. Branch, of North Carolina, in which the Pennsylvania representative was charged with defeating the Post-office Appropriation Bill. Mr. Grow vehemently repelled the accusation, and declared it unworthy of a gentleman. A sharp colloquy ensued, in which Mr. Branch announced that he should hold Mr. Grow responsible for his words. Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, obtained the floor, but was interrupted by Messrs. Hickman and M'Knight, of Pennsylvania, who interpolated explanations. Previous to the ballot for Speaker, Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, withdrew his name from the list, as not likely to concentrate the necessary strength. Mr. Scott, of California, was then urged upon the conservatives as an unexceptionable man; and the vote was taken. It resulted—Sherman, 102; Scott, 83; Gilmer, 14; scattering, 11; necessary to a choice, 106. The House adjourned.

On Friday, 30th, in the Senate, Senator Rice, of Minnesota, gave notice of several measures, mainly of interest to Minnesota. Of the number, those providing a temporary Government for Dacotah, extending the operation of the Swamp Land Act in Arkansas and Minnesota, and making appropriations for public offices at St. Paul's, were the most important. The Senate then adjourned until Tuesday.——In the House, Mr. Perry endeavored ineffectually to institute a twenty-minute rule for speakers. Speeches on slavery were then delivered by Messrs. Boyce, Stanton, Cox, etc.; and on the tariff, by Mr. Kellinger and others. A motion that when the House adjourned it adjourn to January 3 was carried; after which Mr. Montgomery proposed that Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, be elected Speaker for twenty-four hours, so as to admit of the passage of the appropriations necessary for the arrears of the Post-office Department. The plan was not acceptable, and the House adjourned.

END OF THE CLAYTON-BULWER DISPUTE.

The *Herald* says: "It appears that the action of our Minister to Guatemala, in protesting against the treaty negotiated between Great Britain and Guatemala, was based upon incorrect information as to the facts. Recently received official dispatches state that by the treaty alluded to Great Britain has definitively abandoned her pretensions to the Bay Islands, as well as to the Mosquito protectorate, and that the boundary lines agreed to by the two governments are fixed in accordance with the terms of the amendments to the Dallas-Clarendon treaty adopted by the United States Senate. It is furthermore stated that Great Britain has assured our Government that she has not and does not intend to enter into any treaty which will impair the rights of the United States under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty."

INSURRECTION IN MISSOURI.

A telegram from St. Louis apprises us of an insurrectionary attempt, said to have been made by the slaves on Monday night, in Polk County, in the southwestern angle of Missouri. At 11 o'clock the population of Bolivar was aroused by shouts and other demonstrations in the public square. Hastening thither, a party of negroes were found to have attacked a number of whites, using stones for weapons. A fight ensued; the blacks retreated into the mountains, where, at the latest moment, they were pursued by armed parties. Large numbers had been imprisoned and severely punished. A Vigilance Committee had been organized for the protection of the town.

RETURN OF THE YACHT "WANDERER."

The yacht *Wanderer* has once more come to light, this time in the waters of Boston harbor. She reached that port on Saturday, in charge of the mate, who tells a story of wanderings and adventures upon the high seas that must add a new and more fascinating chapter to the history of pirates and buccaneers. The *Wanderer*, it will be remembered, was eloped with from a Southern port about the middle of October, the circumstances and the thief being unascertained. It now seems that one Lincoln P. Patten, of Bath, Maine, was the skipper who effected this startling *coup*; and that only a portion of the crew were privy to or could be brought to approve his plans; that he had no stores or nautical instruments; and that, with the aid of the British consul at the Western Islands, where he put in, he had laid in $15,000 of provisions, for which, having again run away, he had paid nothing. To recruit these stores when they were nearly exhausted, he had pursued several merchantmen with a design of plundering them; and it was while Patten was boarding a passing vessel, with this piratical design, that his crew had stolen the stolen yacht, and made sail for America. The vessel is in the custody of the United States Marshal, and the poor fellows who brought her back, and were in a state of great suffering and destitution, have been provided for.

PERSONAL.

Senator Seward arrived in town on Wednesday evening from Europe by the *Arago*. He was received by a committee of his political friends, and escorted to the Astor House, while artillery in the Park fired a salute.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* says: "I learn that Governor Wise has laid before the joint Legislature over five hundred letters and documents sent him upon the subject of the Harper's Ferry invasion. Part of John Brown's correspondence is also in Richmond, and more of it in Charlestown, Virginia. This correspondence was wide-spread between Kansas and New England; and though names, and dates, and places of writing are obliterated from some of the letters, it nevertheless implicates persons, I am told, now little suspected by the country. The Committee in the Senate will bring these facts to light, but in all cases proof will be difficult."

Archbishop Hughes has accepted the invitation of the Senior Class of the University of North Carolina to deliver the Commencement Sermon before them on the 4th of June next.

Pierpont Dyer, an esteemed citizen of Albion, Orleans County, was murdered on 23d ult. in his grocery store at that place. He, being a bachelor, lived in the store. His body was found lying on the floor next morning. The murder is supposed to have been done with an axe or a similar instrument, as the top of his head was completely knocked in. Dyer was a man of wealth, but kept little or no money in his possession. Patrick Calligan has been arrested on suspicion. He rented rooms of Dyer. A difficulty existed between them, and he had threatened Dyer's life.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE COURT AT COMPIEGNE.

THE *Times* correspondent says: "If what we hear from Compiègne be true, the Imperial revels are but stiff, almost lugubrious affairs. The court *fêtes* and court hospitalities are reduced to an affair of grim formality; gentlemen and ladies are invited out in sets to stay a week; each set has the same routine of stiff etiquette to go through—an etiquette as far removed from fun as a funeral is from a frolic; each one has to dress a certain number of times daily, eat a certain number of solemn dinners at the palace, attend a certain number of evening *soirées*, and are treated each to one grand hunt in the forest, on which occasion a melancholy deer is led out solemnly in front of the party by a groom, who lets him go with a kick and a kindly hint to take care of himself. The whole set return to town together on a train furnished by his Majesty; and this seems to be the only piece of fun in the trip. The reason of this will readily suggest itself.

"It can not be said, however, that an attempt is not made to instill a little life into the party, for in each set, numbering about fifty persons, they usually invite three or four artists and men of letters, renowned for their conversational qualities. But whether these refuse to fill the functions of court fool, or feel too much out of their element when out of their slippers and morning gown, they have at best but a sorry time of it. M. Merimee, of the Academy, is the only gentleman who succeeds in the *soirées intimes* of the palace in the way of tale-telling; but unfortunately this gentleman's talent runs in the current of that of Edgar A. Poe; his tales are of the sombre, horrifilating sort; he treats of ghosts and the dead, and manages, by the time the clock sounds midnight, to put his listeners into that disagreeable state of nervousness in which the desire to retire double is irresistible. M. Octave Feuillet and Edmund About are among the invited of this year. At the present moment the second set are at Compiègne, and in this list we find the names of the Prince and Princess Metternich, Lord and Lady Strafford, the Duke of Magenta, and General Forey."

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

Among the recent deaths in Paris, is that of Viscount Marie de Botherel, the descendant and representative of one of the oldest families in Brittany. His name, however, owed its celebrity to another cause—he was the founder of the celebrated enterprise of the Restaurant Omnibuses, which some years ago formed the talk of Paris. He had twelve omnibuses laden with hot dishes driving about the city every day, twelve omnibuses laden with cold dishes, and twenty-four laden with wines of every description. He at the same time erected some immense kitchens to prepare the dishes, but the project failed, and he came out a loser to the amount of $80,000. He lost the remainder of his fortune in an attempt to carry on the wine trade in large proportions, but finally died poor. At the time of his death he was revising the proof-sheets of a work on "Human Infirmities."

DARING FLIGHT OF FASHION.

Fashion, in the very highest circles abroad, has taken a daring flight. The London *Court Circular* relates that, at a diplomatic dinner recently given in that city, two Russian ladies appeared in military costumes. The Countess P—— wore a red hussar jacket of satin, embroidered with gold, and diamond buttons. The coiffure was a military cap of black velvet, surmounted by an aigrette. The lower part of the dress was not *à la hussar*, but consisted of a black satin skirt, very short, trimmed with gold, and short military boots. The Princess O——, who was of the party, wore a dragoon uniform, green waistcoat and jacket, with white trimming, buttons of gold, epaulets of gold, a head-dress with a feather, lighter, but similar to that worn by the dragoon.

PEOPLE WHO WON'T CONFESS CAN'T BE MARRIED.

The *Nouvelliste Vaudois* says: "The parish priest of Bolle, in the canton of Friburg, lately refused to celebrate the marriage of a couple in his parish, because the man declined to give a promise to go regularly to confession. The bishop of the diocese, on being appealed to, approved of the resolution of the priest. The man accordingly applied to the Council of State; but that body, fearing to take on itself the decision of such a question, has sent a deputation to the bishop praying him to decide. What the prelate will do is not yet known."

AUSTRIA.

THE EMPEROR ABOUT TO ABDICATE.

A letter from Pesth of the 7th inst. says: "A piece of news so extraordinary has reached the high political circles of this city that it is not without hesitation I venture to communicate it, and yet these circles have excellent means of obtaining the earliest and best information. The news is that the Emperor of Austria contemplates abdicating the crown in favor of his son, a child born the 21st of August, 1858, and appointing as Regent his brother, the Archduke Maximilian, formerly Governor of Lombardo-Venetia. The reason assigned for the projected abdication is that the Emperor sees with dismay that Austria is going to wreck and ruin, and shrinks from the risk of figuring personally in history as 'the last of the Hapsburgs.' On the other hand, being an obstinate and wrong-headed young man, he will not consent to make the important concessions to the different parts of his empire, and especially to Hungary, by which alone the dangers now impending over Austria could, perhaps, for a time be averted."

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

A telegraphic despatch from Madrid, dated December 10, announces as follows:

"The Spaniards have just obtained a new victory. The Moors, this time 10,000 strong, attacked the redoubts. They were gloriously repulsed by the second *corps d'armée*, which entered into line, for the first time, under the command of the brave General Zabala.

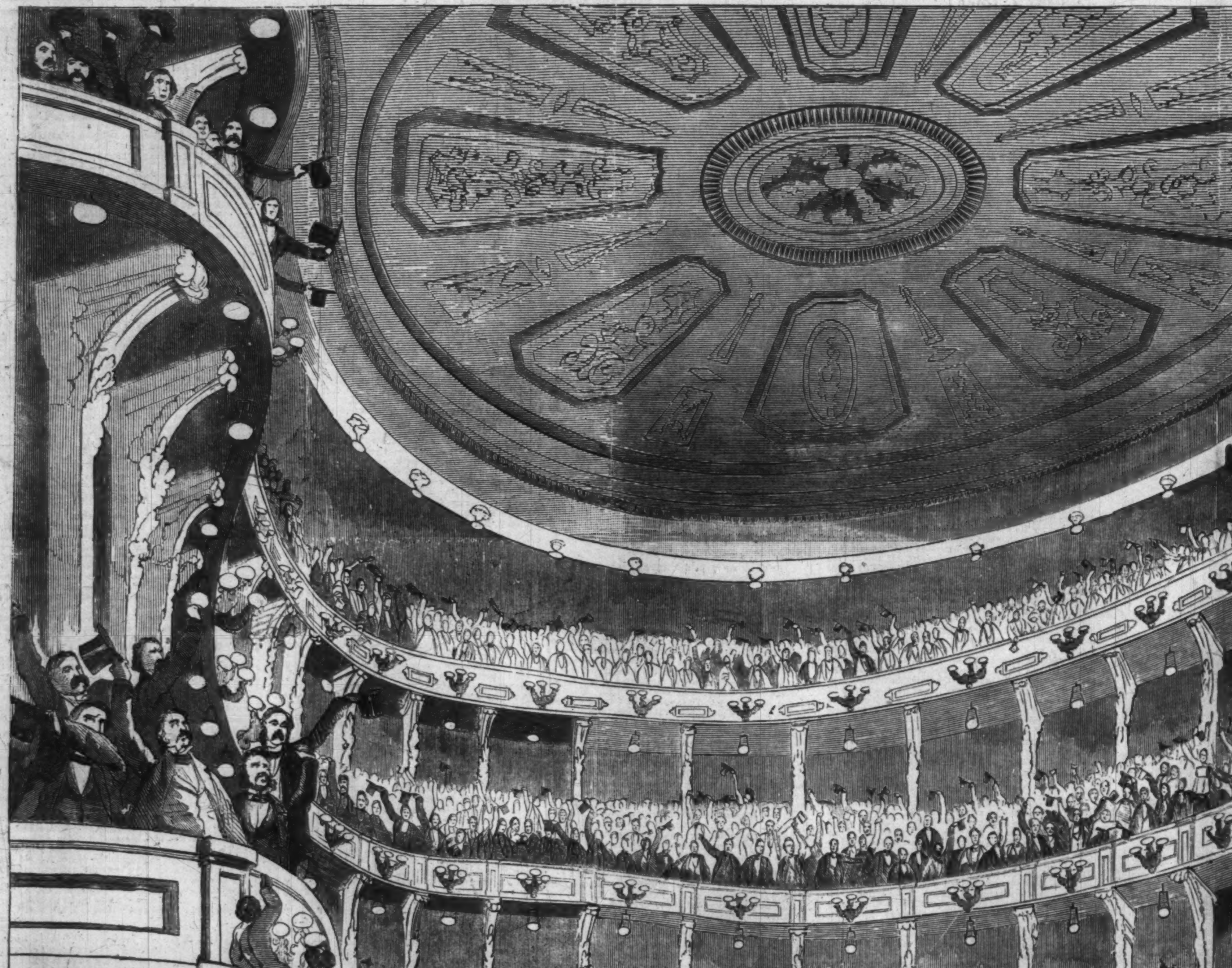
"The number of dead on the side of the Moors is more than 300, and 1000 wounded. The Spaniards have had 40 killed and 280 wounded.

"The sea continues tempestuous, and it is for the moment impossible to effect fresh embarkations."

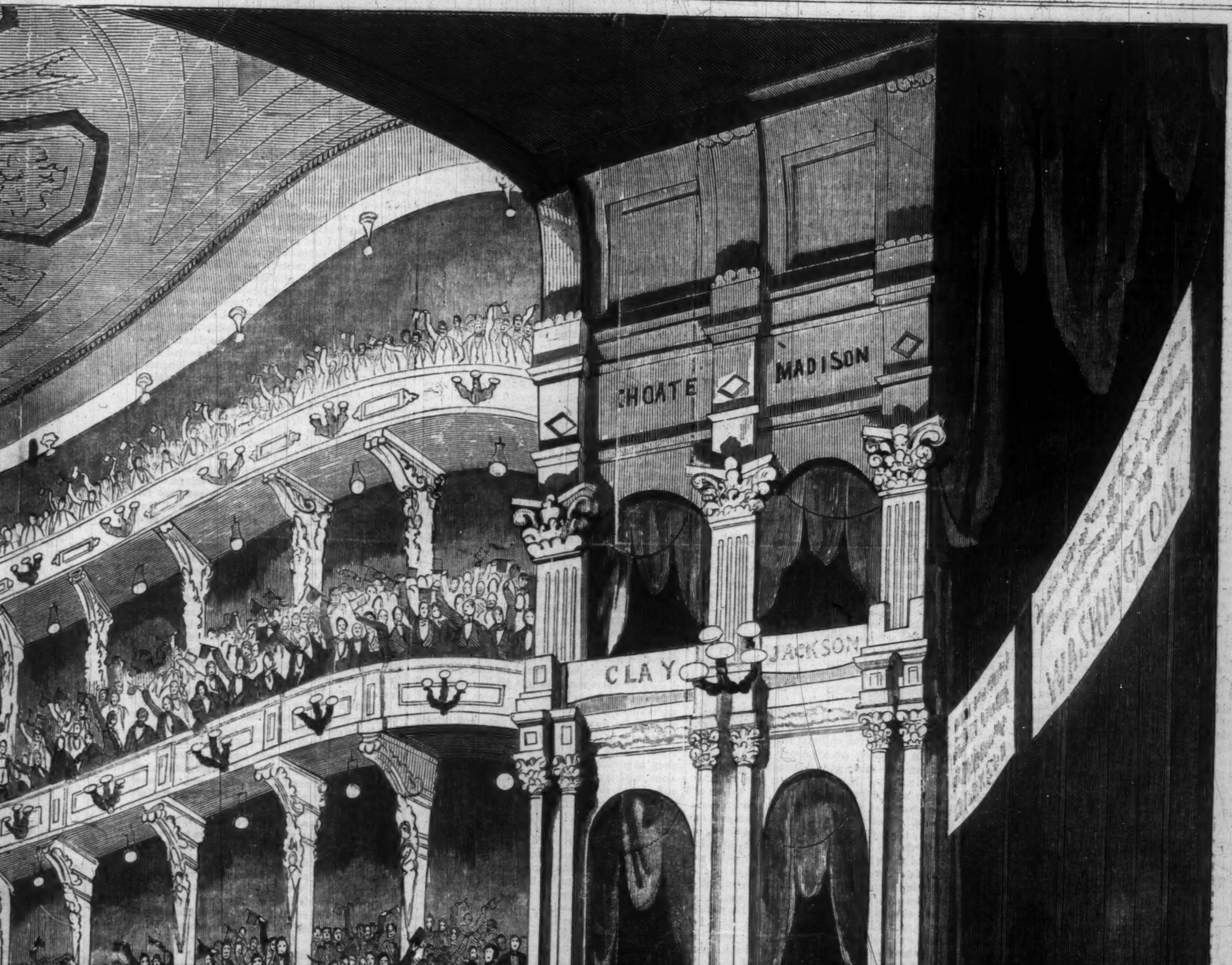
The following dispatch was published at Madrid on the 10th:

"CAMP ELOTTRO, *Friday December 9 (evening)*.

"This morning the enemy impetuously attacked our redoubts, but were energetically repulsed by the garrisons, and retired to the valley commanded by these redoubts. The enemy then came up again, but were attacked and repulsed by 10,600 men of the Second Corps, serving as our vanguard. The Moors lost 300 killed, and 1000 wounded. The approximate loss of the Spanish was 30 officers, 40 killed, and 150 men wounded."



THE GREAT UNION MEETING AT THE ACADEMY OF M



MUSIC, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1859.—[See Page 2.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING is dead! How reverently we think of him! How carefully we collect the scattered memories of our intercourse with him! How earnestly we attempt to preserve all that we may of one whose life was so precious to our hearts!

It was my happiness, on one occasion, to pass several hours in his company, when, in a remarkably happy flow of conversation, he related with graphic clearness various incidents in his life, each of which recalling another still farther removed from the present, he was led from point to point in his varied life, till many of its most interesting scenes passed successively before his mind and were pictured to those who listened to him.

It was on the evening of May 16, 1857—Mr. Irving had completed his seventy-fourth year on the 3d of April. He was then in comparative health, with a vigor and activity which few men of his years could boast, though already beginning to feel the effects of that asthmatic difficulty which made his last days days of suffering.

A friend had given us an account of his trip from the city that afternoon, when the fourth volume of the "Life of Washington," fresh from the publishers, had been handed about among a cluster of editors and literary friends and appreciatingly commented on.

He listened with gratified attention, and as the burden of his labors slid from his thoughts its theme sprang up with fresh interest. He remarked upon the reference made in this volume to the neighboring localities, interesting in connection with the treason of Arnold.

"Arnold!" he exclaimed, starting up in his chair. "What a man! What bright prospects he threw away! What a fate! What a warning! What abilities he had! What a speech that was of his at Quebec! Thrilling!" And he quoted the words, "'*I am in the way of my duty, and I know no fear!*' Thrilling! If he had died then, what a name he would have left! How honored!" His voice falling, he musingly added, "Most affecting theme, the Revolution; most thrilling! How it brought out men's characters!"

In the pause which followed Mr. Irving's last words he was apparently passing over the successive acts in that drama, and as the possibility of a different termination came before his mind he exclaimed, "It would have been a dreadful thing had the English got possession of this river! most ruinous! wonderful! wonderful! This Revolution is a most thrilling theme! Poor Washington!" And the speaker's countenance answered to the earnest sympathy which his tone expressed.

"Poor Washington!" Mr. Irving repeated; "how he was crippled and fettered! There he was, with his little handful of men, without food or clothing, discouraged, disheartened, fanning the flame, fanning the flame;" and he bent forward in his chair as he repeated these words, extending his hands with quick, short movements.

"You have been more interested in Washington's character since commencing to write about him?"

"Oh yes, yes," he replied, "I admired him before, but I thought him cold—admirable, but cold. Not so; the weight of the nation rested upon him, and he was the only man that could have carried that war through. He was so conscientious, he never did a thing but it was first determined in his mind that it was right. No wavering; no questioning about what the world would think. And every thing came out so honorably and nobly. He never had a thought about the future appearance of things. He did what was right then, and let the future take care of itself, be the opinion of posterity what it might. And he had to act very often without giving his reasons; the enemy must not learn his plans. He was willing to be misunderstood and incur the censure of the world that he might do right. He had a most immense correspondence, and in all his letters there is not a word about glory; the idea doesn't seem to have had a place in his mind. And such wisdom, too, as he displayed! wonderful wisdom!"

A frightened bird rustling in the branches above us called Mr. Irving's attention from the subject of his thoughts. The sunset was gone, and the evening becoming too cool to remain longer in the open air we all rose to enter the house.

One of our party asked Mr. Irving his opinion of the comparative beauty of Scottish and American scenery. "Miserable country!" said he. "The Tweed is a cold, lazy stream; we wouldn't think it worth looking at. Miserable country! Bare gray hills rising one above the other, not a tree, not a sharp point, nothing to take hold of, nothing of the richness and grandeur which our great forests give to this country. The first time (1816) I visited Scotland was just after Scott's poems had been so much enjoyed here. Waverley had been generally read, and Guy Mannering was just out. I was all eagerness to see Scotland, and every thing connected with Scott's writings. I could not entirely disguise from him my disappointment at finding the country what it was. Scott had done much, very much, just there in the vicinity of Abbotsford, but beyond, beyond, it was drear enough. One day we were walking together, and came out upon an open spot from which we gained extensive views in every direction. Scott was pointing out to me localities of interest, many of which I had asked about as referred to in his poems. 'There is Ben Lomond and there is Ben Nevis,' said he, pointing first to one and then to another of the round bare hills which rise in the distance. I said, 'This shows the power of poetry, Mr. Scott [he was not then a baronet]; this indifferent landscape you have clothed with such charms in the imagination that I come here, and it is more fascinating to me from the associations which you have connected with it than the most beautiful scenery which I ever beheld.' 'Fine scenery! grand scenery!' said he; he wouldn't take a compliment at the expense of the country. 'I don't want any better scenery. I like these bare hills. Why, when I go to Edinburgh for a few months I long for these heather hills so I have to come back to them. Why,' said he, 'if I couldn't see these gray hills I believe I should *die!*'" And Mr. Irving, laughing heartily, brought his hand down upon the table with an illustrative blow.

"I spoke," said Mr. Irving, "of the strong contrast between the nakedness of the country we were then looking upon and that which I had been accustomed to, where woodland forms an important feature in every landscape, adding a remark on my consequent attachment to trees. 'I can understand you,' said Scott; 'I once saw a piece of timber that had just come from America—a splendid piece of timber. What a magnificent tree it must have been! Oh, if I could see one of your grand old forests and have such trees around me!'"

Allusion was made to the great advantage of passing one's early years in localities where there were strong natural points to fix upon. "Yes," said he, "there's no credit in loving fine scenery to any one living in this vicinity. I don't believe there is a spot in the world in many respects superior to this. It was my misfortune to have been born in a young growing city, and there is not a landmark left of what was familiar to me in my childhood as my home. It is a miserably lonely feeling, that of having it all gone; nothing left of the past! In Europe it is entirely different; generation after generation the same building stands, and the old man has it the same to return to that he left it when a boy. Here it changes constantly. Nothing but the river and the hills remain as they were when I was a boy. It has changed, utterly changed, even here in Tarrytown, and all through this neighborhood. Where André was taken there is nothing as it used to be, not even the bridge. Poor André! How sad! Poor André! Poor fellow!"

Some one speaking of Scotland as a more interesting country to visit than any on the continent, Mr. Irving asked, "Have you never been at all? Oh, the continent is much preferable! It is a great deal richer in romantic associations. I liked it so well I didn't care to go back to England. The continent seemed quite like home to me. I was abroad seventeen years at one time; in Italy only once, and that during my first visit to Europe. My time was mostly spent in France, Germany, and Spain."

"In some respects traveling in Spain must be peculiarly interesting," I said.

"Oh! a most romantic country for a traveler," he replied; "and yet most disagreeable for a person who expects the ordinary comforts of traveling. In preparing for a journey every arrangement must be made with reference to protection against robbers. If you send your most valuable luggage some days in advance of you by one of the companies of muleteers who traverse the country in all directions, it will probably escape their rapacity; but you must not be without money to satisfy them. They are not to live in this wild way and risk what they do for nothing. It is poor policy in a traveler to excite their revenge by disappointing them; a little gold will undoubtedly save him a thrashing, or something worse. One doesn't care to be maimed by them. They often keep a poor fellow in the woods with them for weeks, and send a finger or two of his, occasionally, to his friends, by way of hint as to the object of his detention. Better have the gold on hand, and they will let you off good-naturedly. A prudent traveler never goes any distance into the country without a 'robber's watch.' These cheap things are for sale by that name; and if you have any desire to preserve a respectable one, you must have another of some sort to satisfy the villains. I was with Shelden — he that wrote 'Eighteen Months in Spain'—when he was making preparations for his first journey among the mountains. Poor fellow! he had a great time packing and getting ready; he was armed to the teeth, yet was robbed twice in eighteen months. He wrote me a most amusing account of his first robbery," continued Mr. Irving, smiling; "he stood stoically by and saw the 'robber's watch' go first into their sack, and his own quickly follow it. His trunks were easily packed after the robbery," added Mr. Irving, with a droll expression.

The question was asked: "Were you never robbed, Mr. Irving?"

"No," said he, "not once in all the years I was in Spain, yet I was never armed. I had scores of narrow escapes. One night while I was living at the Alhambra, which is quite a long walk from the city, I was returning from the opera alone. It was midnight, and not a creature moving. A tall, ugly-looking fellow, wrapped in a long cloak, dogged me from street to street till his intentions became unmistakable. He was just upon my heels as we entered the deep shadow of a large building, where there was one of those little crosses that one frequently meets in that country, marking the spot where a murder had been committed. As we came near it I felt that my hour was come; now was his time to strike. I had determined to turn and face him, when around a corner, just before us, a torch-light procession appeared. It was a midnight funeral, under ordinary circumstances a sight dismal enough, with its long-robed priests and heavy bier, but far otherwise to me at that moment. I believe it saved my life. The robber disappeared instantly. That night a man was robbed and nearly killed on that very spot. The description of the brigand answered perfectly to the one by whom I was threatened, and I have no doubt it was the same man."

The course of conversation then very naturally turned upon Mr. Irving's residence in the Alhambra. He spoke of scenes in his life in that place in a most graphic but fragmentary way, giving us occasionally an exquisite bit of finished description, graceful as the delicate sculpture of the fairy halls through which he led us; then, leaving a broad blank untouched, he would bring into strong relief, with a few bold strokes, battlement or tower, or the lofty arch of some ruined portal.

Those who have read his volume entitled "The Alhambra" are familiar with the members of the little family of which he formed a part while living among those ruins: "The good dame Tia Antonia," the matron of the place, with her pretty little niece, "bright-eyed Dolores;" Mateo Ximenes, the "son of the Alhambra," his self-imposed cicerone and constant attendant; and Manuel, the half-cousin and lover of charming little Dolores. These names were mentioned by Mr. Irving with evident delight as old and favorite friends.

In alluding to his "Alhambra," he said there was nothing fictitious in what he had written about himself in that book, and remarked that all the stories were facts or legends which he gathered from various sources, adding that there was too much romance in the facts themselves to be improved by the imagination.

"It was a fearful place," said he, "but full of the most romantic fascination. I took a fancy at one time to a suit of rooms quite remote from that part of the ruin which was occupied by Tia Antonia and her family, and in which I had previously had my apartments. The good dame was quite shocked at my removing to such miserable quarters, and the whole family were horrified at the danger I was placing myself in. But I was not to be deterred from my purpose. That evening the family joined in making their legends of the place as frightful as possible: murdered men guarding vault-hidden treasures, and ghostly halls echoing midnight mutterings, were strongly dwelt upon to dissuade me, if possible, from passing the night in so fearful a place. At a late hour, Dolores and her cousin [they were lovers and were afterward married," said Mr. Irving, parenthetically], "with lighted lanterns, led the way to my distant apartments. We passed through immense halls and winding corridors in darkness so dense it was absolutely opaque. As they left me at my door, Dolores, with a look as mournful as if this were to be her last act for me, placed the small lamp in my hands, and Manuel, with extended arms, solemnly repeated a benediction over me. The sound of the great key turning in its rusty lock echoed from side to side as I closed the heavy door. I was alone in the stately sleeping apartment which had been used a hundred years before by an Italian princess. I opened the window and looked down into the little garden where 'twas said the spirit of Lindaraxa, a Moorish beauty, had hovered for four centuries. A deep darkness rested in this pit-like court, and I fancied the forms of robbers, whose whispered words I heard in the constant dripping of the fountain. There was a fearful enjoyment and intense excitement in the circumstances which clothed every inanimate object with ghostly life, and made sleep impossible. I rushed out of my room, and alone, with my lantern, explored hall and corridor and chapel, till, by a long flight of steps, I came near a spacious apartment in which was an immense basin of the purest water, where in summer I often bathed, and down, far down in that horrible darkness, I heard moans and clanking chains and unmistakable human shrieks! A feeling of fear and fascinating interest had led me on thus far, but this was too much. I rushed to my room, and, with a sense of relief, locked my door.

"I slept well, notwithstanding the excitement," added Mr. Irving, smilingly, as his features relaxed, "and when I awoke there was the fountain playing in the bright sunlight, and the grass and flowers as fresh and fragrant as if I had not suspected them of treason. I was almost ashamed of the agitation of the previous night; but the remembrance of those shrieks and rattling chains was too intensely real to be immediately forgotten, and I was glad to hear Ximenes's explanation in the fact that a lunatic brother of my good hostess was occasionally confined there. It is a most romantic place," he added, "that whole vicinity. You can't conceive any thing like it; and the city of Granada—a most romantic place. I rewrote 'The Conquest of Granada' on the very spot."

Without interrupting the conversation, tea, with simple refreshments, had been served just as we were sitting, and as the hours moved on Mr. Irving's spirits seemed to rise and his communicative mood to increase. He gave us interesting pictures of his life in a country house a few miles beyond the walls of Seville. There, in the midst of a bare, unbroken plain, with nothing to relieve the eye except the lazy stream that drags itself along over the yellow sand, he spent several months, his only companion an invalid friend whom he called Hall, an English gentleman, whose acquaintance he had made in traveling. This little villa was inclosed by a high white-washed wall, and at sunset the gates were locked, and they were shut in for the night to the house and an orange-garden, which Mr. Irving spoke of as about four times the size of the small room we were in. Their evenings were often spent on the terraced roof in walking and conversation. From that place they sometimes watched, in the gathering darkness, a single horseman or company of suspicious-looking fellows crossing the open plain. "As they drew nearer," said Mr. Irving, "and their appearance and weapons gave positive proof that their life was not of the most peaceable character, Hall would say, 'They have come for us now!' And when their horses turned up the green lane that led to our entrance, and the gate opened to admit them, and was relocked after them, a momentary thrill of horror ran through us at the thought of our being so completely at the mercy of such creatures. We had not the most perfect confidence either in Costa, the keeper of our castle, and strongly suspected his being in league with the banditti. We had nothing of value with us, and kept our trunks open, lest they should imagine they contained bags of gold.

"One evening I was late in returning from Seville, and, coming near a crossing of the stream, I saw a man, fearfully armed, sitting in the middle of the bridge, as if to dispute its passage. Just before reaching him I passed a small pile of stones, forming one of those rude crosses to remind the passers-by to offer a prayer for the soul of the poor creature murdered on that spot. When I saw him eying me closely, I paused before it, and—" Mr. Irving hesitated, smiled, and crossed himself. "I was riding Hall's powerful black horse, and as I reached the bridge the man did not move, but sat fiercely grasping his gun. I had never shown the white feather; should I turn now? While I was debating the horse went on into the stream just under the man. In answer to the salutation which is always given in casual meetings, he gave me a gruff word, doffed his hat, and I passed on."

The two friends spent a part of the summer at Port St. Mary's, opposite Cadiz. "Hall was skeptical," said Mr. Irving, "and often, at night, while the sea was roaring without, would talk for hours of the uncertainty of our future state, of his doubts, and of the possibility of the appearance of spirits. In the fervor of the moment, on one occasion, he promised most vehemently that, if he should die first, and he could come to me from the land of spirits, he would do so. Not long after I went to Seville to make arrangements for the winter. I had scarcely arrived when I received word that a fall from his horse had produced a hemorrhage which resulted in almost instant death. With this news his horse, with every thing belonging to him, was sent on to me. That evening I visited the house near Seville where we had lived so long together. I rode his horse over that dreary plain, was alone in that desolate place where he had been my only friend. I never was more affected in my life," said Mr. Irving, "than when I entered his room that evening. There was every thing just as he had left it, his luggage, books, his chair, as he had sat in it, the little lamp on the table dimly lighting the vaulted chamber, every thing as it had been when we had spent long evenings talking together. Those conversations returned to me with thrilling interest. I remembered the promise he had made to me. I was intensely excited, and [Mr. Irving whispered the words] *I invoked his spirit.*"

Our excitement had increased with the strong emotion of the speaker. Every inflection of his voice, every line of his countenance, every motion of his hand, showed that this had been an occasion of uncommon interest to him. We had yielded ourselves to the magic influence which he infused into his manner of relating this strange incident. As he paused we were each ready to start at any unusual sound, and almost fancied a shadowy form in the recesses of a deep window whose curtained drapery hung in heavy folds behind him.

It was a positive relief when he spoke again, with an entirely altered tone and manner, as if wishing to check the emotion which he had allowed to break the serenity of his gentle spirit, and which had evidently moved us with unusual power. "He never came! He never came!" he repeated, "and if he could have come, I know he would. It was a very strong case, and to me a sufficient proof of the falsity of Spiritualism."

By easy changes, Mr. Irving soon led our thoughts from the shadowy region of excitement to which he had taken us, and gave us several fanciful descriptions of scenes in his life abroad. Among them was a gay picture of a horseback ride in company with the Queen of Spain, then a child.

Speaking of his long absence from the United States, some one asked if he was not at times homesick. "Homesick!" he smilingly repeated. "My home was there. I left America under distressing circumstances, and all the first of my visit was most unpleasant. I had no desire to return, for I had nothing to return to. I was in disgrace, a bankrupt!" said Mr. Irving, in a manner which showed that that period must have been one of peculiar trial, the memory of which could bring from him an expression of such bitter suffering.

With no taste for commercial pursuits he had been admitted by his two elder brothers as a partner with them in an extensive mercantile concern which was engaged in business both in New York and Liverpool. The sudden close of the war of 1812 caused great reverses in the financial world. Their house suffered severely. Washington Irving left New York for Liverpool early in the spring of 1815. "On my arrival," said he, "I found that my oldest brother's health had failed, and he had been for some time at a watering-place. I suspected that things were going wrong, and perfectly ignorant of every thing about business affairs I came in and made them teach me. It was all wrong; I turned away first one and then another; every thing was in confusion. As I began to learn the business I saw the difficulties, the breakers ahead. For two years I struggled against it. We were deep in commerce; with the change in the war came a fall in every thing."

In short broken sentences Mr. Irving recapitulated the acts in the drama so tragic to him; the certainty of ruin; the struggle to keep up the position of the house and to meet payments; the horror of asking to have a note renewed; ashamed to look any body in the face, yet struggling to keep up appearances. "The struggle was certainly vain," said he, "yet the disgrace must be kept off as long as possible. There it was, day after day; work hard all day and then to bed late, a troubled sleep, for three hours perhaps, and then wake up; thump, thump, thump, at the heart comes the care. No more sleep for that night; then up and off to the coffee-house to see the wind dial; wind due east, due east, day after day, no ship can come in, payments must be made, and nowhere for remittances to come from. Then comes an invitation to a great dinner; must go to keep up appearances; sit at the table half asleep; no life for any thing; stupid myself and every body else stupid; stay there three mortal hours; then to bed with three hours of broken sleep again; and the same thing over, day after day, week after week. Oh! what a two years! Nothing would tempt me to another such. No fortune would be an inducement. How I grew old!" Then suddenly starting up he exclaimed, "How came I to talk about this? Miserable subject! I never think of it; I don't want to think about it."

At the time of this conversation the great finan-

cial crisis of 1857 was drawing near, failures were becoming frequent, and business men felt the pressure of the panic that was commencing. In connection with some remarks made in reference to these facts Mr. Irving emphatically exclaimed, "When a man fails you needn't pity him; the agony is over. The time for pity is before. There he is, knowing what must come—afraid to tell his wife—can't deny his children—don't know how to curtail. Misery! misery! How I pity those men! No one knows what beds they lie on—no one knows what hard days and nights there are in rich men's homes in that city of New York."

Mr. Irving never held the mind long on the pathetic; if it had been possible, he would have smoothed every sharp corner in the universe, that nothing might suffer from contact with it. He passed quickly to a lighter tone: "They can't make their daughters' hoops smaller." Then, turning to the ladies, he added, in parenthesis, "All this trouble has come since the great hoops came in fashion;" and then continued: "And these great dinners; they can't cut down their dinners—they must all be Lord Mayor's dinners. The world seems to think that a man's digestive powers increase with his wealth—one must eat gold and silver. You can't have a good old-fashioned, cosy dinner, nowadays, of a simple joint of meat, and get through in respectable time; there must be a dozen courses, and then you can't eat what you like, but must take a little of every thing; and then the flummery comes after all the rest, and you must take candy and bonbons home to make the children sick. And these great, long tables!—must have twenty to sit down—why, a modest man can't say any thing—once get stuck between two dull people, and you are fixed for three mortal hours at least. Have a round table, and every body can talk together, and all enjoy it; but a table half a dozen yards long is too bad—a modest man can't talk—no one but these bold, noisy fellows can say any thing—and of course the dinners are stupid affairs."

Reference being made to the commencement of his literary career, he alluded in a light, passing way, to what he had written previous to the "Sketch Book," and said: "That anxiety and trouble in England, disgusted me with business and drove me to my pen. I had just started in the 'Sketch Book,' when I received a letter from my brother William, telling me he had obtained a situation for me as clerk in the Navy. I declined the offer but couldn't give my reasons. My brother was disappointed and mortified; I knew he would be, and that so distressed me that for two months I couldn't write a line. I had given up all for the muse, and the muse deserted me! When I wrote again, it was to some purpose. I soon had enough to commence publishing in numbers. When the first number was out, I sent it to my brother, telling him that was what I had been doing, and that I felt there was something more in me than had yet been developed; I had determined to make the effort, and if I failed, I was willing to cut wood, draw water, dig, or do any thing."

As he left, he told the ladies they must not forget their promise to take a ride with him through Sleepy Hollow in "apple-blossom time." Who could forget such an invitation?

Apple-blossom time is forever past at Sunnyside. The golden fruit has been garnered. We gather a few autumn leaves ere they are faded by time, or scattered by careless winds.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

XIII.

HALF an hour later I was back at the house and was informing Miss Halcombe of all that had happened.

She listened to me from beginning to end with a steady, silent attention, which, in a woman of her temperament and disposition, was the strongest proof that could be offered of the serious manner in which my narrative affected her.

"My mind misgives me," was all she said when I had done. "My mind misgives me sadly about the future."

"The future may depend," I suggested, "on the use we make of the present. It is not improbable that Anne Catherick may speak more readily and unreservedly to a woman than she has spoken to me. If Miss Fairlie—"

"Not to be thought of for a moment," interposed Miss Halcombe, in her most decided manner.

"Let me suggest, then," I continued, "that you should see Anne Catherick yourself, and do all you can to win her confidence. For my own part, I shrink from the idea of alarming the poor creature a second time, as I have most unhappily alarmed her already. Do you see any objection to accompanying me to the farm-house to-morrow?"

"None whatever. I will go any where and do any thing to serve Laura's interests. What did you say the place was called?"

"You must know it well. It is called Todd's Corner."

"Certainly. Todd's Corner is one of Mr. Fairlie's farms. Our dairy-maid here is the farmer's second daughter. She goes backward and forward constantly between this house and her father's farm, and she may have heard or seen something which it may be useful for us to know. Shall I ascertain at once if the girl is down stairs?"

She rang the bell, and sent the servant with his message. He returned, and announced that the dairy-maid was then at the farm. She had not been there for the last three days, and the housekeeper had given her leave to go home for an hour or two that evening.

"I can speak to her to-morrow," said Miss Halcombe, when the servant had left the room again. "In the mean time, let me thoroughly understand the object to be gained by my interview with Anne Catherick. Is there no doubt in your own mind that the person who confined her in the Asylum was Sir Percival Glyde?"

"There is not the shadow of a doubt. The only mystery that remains is the mystery of his *motive.* Looking to the great difference between his station in life and hers, which seems to preclude all idea of the most distant relationship between them, it is of the last importance—even assuming that she really required to be placed under restraint—to know why *he* should have been the person to assume the serious responsibility of shutting her up—"

"In a private Asylum, I think you said?"

"Yes, in a private Asylum, where a sum of money which no poor person could afford to give must have been paid for her maintenance as a patient."

"I see where the doubt lies, Mr. Hartright; and I promise you that it shall be set at rest, whether Anne Catherick assists us to-morrow or not. Sir Percival Glyde shall not be long in this house without satisfying Mr. Gilmore, and satisfying me. My sister's future is my dearest care in life, and I have influence enough over her to give me some power, where her marriage is concerned, in the disposal of it."

We parted for the night.

After breakfast the next morning an obstacle, which the events of the evening before had put out of my memory, interposed to prevent our proceeding immediately to the farm. This was my last day at Limmeridge House; and it was necessary, as soon as the post came in, to follow Miss Halcombe's advice, and to ask Mr. Fairlie's permission to shorten my engagement by a month, in consideration of an unforeseen necessity for my return to London.

Fortunately for the probability of this excuse, so far as appearances were concerned, the post brought me two letters from London friends that morning. I took them away at once to my own room, and sent the servant with a message to Mr. Fairlie, requesting to know when I could see him on a matter of business.

I awaited the man's return, free from the slightest feeling of anxiety about the manner in which his master might receive my application. With Mr. Fairlie's leave or without it I must go. The consciousness of having now taken the first step on the dreary journey which was henceforth to separate my life from Miss Fairlie's seemed to have blunted my sensibility to every consideration connected with myself. I had done with my poor man's touchy pride; I had done with all my little artist vanities. No insolence of Mr. Fairlie's, if he chose to be insolent, could wound me now.

The servant returned with a message for which I was not unprepared. Mr. Fairlie regretted that the state of his health, on that particular morning, was such as to preclude all hope of his having the pleasure of receiving me. He begged, therefore, that I would accept his apologies, and kindly communicate what I had to say in the form of a letter. Similar messages to this had reached me, at various intervals, during my three months' residence in the house. Throughout the whole of that period Mr. Fairlie had been rejoiced to "possess" me, but had never been well enough to see me for a second time. The servant took every fresh batch of drawings that I mounted and restored back to his master with my "respects," and returned empty-handed with Mr. Fairlie's "kind compliments," "best thanks," and "sincere regrets" that the state of his health still obliged him to remain a solitary prisoner in his own room. A more satisfactory arrangement to both sides could not possibly have been adopted. It would be hard to say which of us, under the circumstances, felt the most grateful sense of obligation to Mr. Fairlie's accommodating nerves.

I sat down at once to write the letter, expressing myself in it as civilly, as clearly, and as briefly as possible. Mr. Fairlie did not hurry his reply. Nearly an hour elapsed before the answer was placed in my hands. It was written with beautiful regularity and neatness of character, in violet-colored ink, on note-paper as smooth as ivory and almost as thick as card-board: and it addressed me in these terms:

"Mr. Fairlie's compliments to Mr. Hartright. Mr. Fairlie is more surprised and disappointed than he can say (in the present state of his health) by Mr. Hartright's application. Mr. Fairlie is not a man of business, but he has consulted his steward, who is, and that person confirms Mr. Fairlie's opinion that Mr. Hartright's request to be allowed to break his engagement can not be justified by any necessity whatever, excepting perhaps a case of life and death. If the highly-appreciative feeling toward Art and its professors, which it is the consolation and happiness of Mr. Fairlie's suffering existence to cultivate, could be easily shaken, Mr. Hartright's present proceeding would have shaken it. It has not done so—except in the instance of Mr. Hartright himself.

"Having stated his opinion—so far, that is to say, as acute nervous suffering will allow him to state any thing—Mr. Fairlie has nothing to add but the expression of his decision, in reference to the highly irregular application that has been made to him. Perfect repose of body and mind being to the last degree important in his case, Mr. Fairlie will not suffer Mr. Hartright to disturb that repose by remaining in the house under circumstances of an essentially irritating nature to both sides. Accordingly, Mr. Fairlie waves his right of refusal, purely with a view to the preservation of his own tranquillity—and informs Mr. Hartright that he may go."

I folded the letter up, and put it away with my other papers. The time had been when I should have resented it as an insult: I accepted it now as a written release from my engagement. It was off my mind, it was almost out of my memory, when I went down stairs to the breakfast-room, and informed Miss Halcombe that I was ready to walk with her to the farm.

"Has Mr. Fairlie given you a satisfactory answer?" she asked, as we left the house.

"He has allowed me to go, Miss Halcombe."

She looked up at me quickly; and then, for the first time since I had known her, took my arm of her own accord. No words could have expressed so delicately that she understood how the permission to leave my employment had been granted, and that she gave me her sympathy, not as my superior, but as my friend. I had not felt the man's insolent letter, but I felt deeply the woman's atoning kindness.

On our way to the farm we arranged that Miss Halcombe was to enter the house alone, and that I was to wait outside, within call. We adopted this mode of proceeding from an apprehension that my presence, after what had happened in the church-yard the evening before, might have the effect of renewing Anne Catherick's nervous dread, and of rendering her additionally distrustful of the advances of a lady who was a stranger to her. Miss Halcombe left me, with the intention of speaking, in the first instance, to the farmer's wife (of whose friendly readiness to help her in any way she was well assured), while I waited for her in the near neighborhood of the house.

I had fully expected to be left alone for some time. To my surprise, however, little more than five minutes had elapsed before Miss Halcombe returned.

"Does Anne Catherick refuse to see you?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Anne Catherick is gone," replied Miss Halcombe.

"Gone!"

"Gone, with Mrs. Clements. They both left the farm at eight o'clock this morning."

I could say nothing—I could only feel that our last chance of discovery had gone with them.

"All that Mrs. Todd knows about her guests I know," Miss Halcombe went on; "and it leaves me, as it leaves her, in the dark. They both came back safe, last night, after they left you, and they passed the first part of the evening with Mr. Todd's family, as usual. Just before supper-time, however, Anne Catherick startled them all by being suddenly seized with faintness. She had had a similar attack, of a less alarming kind, on the day she arrived at the farm; and Mrs. Todd had connected it, on that occasion, with something she was reading at the time in our local newspaper, which lay on the farm table, and which she had taken up only a minute or two before."

"Does Mrs. Todd know what particular passage in the newspaper affected her in that way?" I inquired.

"No," replied Miss Halcombe. "She had looked it over, and had seen nothing in it to agitate any one. I asked leave, however, to look it over in my turn; and at the very first page I opened I found that the editor had enriched his small stock of news by drawing upon our family affairs, and had published my sister's marriage engagement, among his other announcements, copied from the London papers, of Marriages in High Life. I concluded at once that this was the paragraph which had so strangely affected Anne Catherick; and I thought I saw in it, also, the origin of the letter which she sent to our house the next day."

"There can be no doubt in either case. But what did you hear about her second attack of faintness yesterday evening?"

"Nothing. The cause of it is a complete mystery. There was no stranger in the room. The only visitor was our dairy-maid, who, as I told you, is one of Mr. Todd's daughters; and the only conversation was the usual gossip about local affairs. They heard her cry out, and saw her turn deadly pale, without the slightest apparent reason. Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Clements took her up stairs; and Mrs. Clements remained with her. They were heard talking together until long after the usual bedtime; and, early this morning, Mrs. Clements took Mrs. Todd aside, and amazed her beyond all power of expression by saying that they must go. The only explanation Mrs. Todd could extract from her guest was, that something had happened, which was not the fault of any one at the farm-house, but which was serious enough to make Anne Catherick resolve to leave Limmeridge immediately. It was quite useless to press Mrs. Clements to be more explicit. She only shook her head, and said that, for Anne's sake, she must beg and pray that no one would question her. All she could repeat, with every appearance of being seriously agitated herself, was that Anne must go, that she must go with her, and that the destination to which they might both betake themselves must be kept a secret from every body. I spare you the recital of Mrs. Todd's hospitable remonstrances and refusals. It ended in her driving them both to the nearest station, more than three hours since. She tried hard, on the way, to get them to speak more plainly; but without success. And she set them down outside the station-door, so hurt and offended by the unceremonious abruptness of their departure and their unfriendly reluctance to place the least confidence in her, that she drove away in anger, without so much as stopping to bid them good-by. That is exactly what has taken place. Search your own memory, Mr. Hartright, and tell me if any thing happened in the burial-ground yesterday evening which can at all account for the extraordinary departure of those two women this morning."

"I should like to account first, Miss Halcombe, for the sudden change in Anne Catherick which alarmed them at the farm-house, hours after she and I had parted, and when time enough had elapsed to quiet any violent agitation that I might have been unfortunate enough to cause. Did you inquire particularly about the gossip which was going on in the room when she turned faint?"

"Yes. But Mrs. Todd's household affairs seem to have divided her attention that evening with the talk in the farm-house parlor. She could only tell me that it was 'just the news'—meaning, I suppose, that they all talked as usual about each other."

"The dairy-maid's memory may be better than her mother's," I said. "It may be as well for you to speak to the girl, Miss Halcombe, as soon as we get back."

My suggestion was acted on the moment we returned to the house. Miss Halcombe led me round to the servants' offices, and we found the girl in the dairy, with her sleeves tucked up to her shoulders, cleaning a large milk-pan, and singing blithely over her work.

"I have brought this gentleman to see your dairy, Hannah," said Miss Halcombe. "It is one of the sights of the house, and it always does you credit."

The girl blushed and courtesied, and said, shyly, that she hoped she always did her best to keep things neat and clean.

"We have just come from your father's," Miss Halcombe continued. "You were there yesterday evening, I hear; and you found visitors at the house?"

"Yes, miss."

"One of them was taken faint and ill, I am told? I suppose nothing was said or done to frighten her? You were not talking of any thing very terrible, were you?"

"Oh no, miss!" said the girl, laughing, "We were only talking of the news."

"Your sisters told you the news at Todd's Corner, I suppose?"

"Yes, miss."

"And you told them the news at Limmeridge House?"

"Yes, miss. And I'm quite sure nothing was said to frighten the poor thing, for I was talking when she was taken ill. It gave me quite a turn, miss, to see it, never having been taken faint myself."

Before any more questions could be put to her, she was called away to receive a basket of eggs at the dairy door. As she left us, I whispered to Miss Halcombe,

"Ask her if she happened to mention, last night, that visitors were expected at Limmeridge House."

Miss Halcombe showed me, by a look, that she understood, and put the question as soon as the dairy-maid returned to us.

"Oh yes, miss; I mentioned that," said the girl, simply. "The company coming, and the accident to the brindled cow, was all the news I had to take to the farm."

"Did you mention names? Did you tell them that Sir Percival Glyde was expected on Monday?"

"Yes, miss—I told them Sir Percival Glyde was coming. I hope there was no harm in it; I hope I didn't do wrong."

"Oh no, no harm. Come, Mr. Hartright; Hannah will begin to think us in the way if we interrupt her any longer over her work."

We stopped and looked at one another the moment we were alone again.

"Is there any doubt in your mind *now*, Miss Halcombe?"

"Sir Percival Glyde shall remove that doubt, Mr. Hartright—or, Laura Fairlie shall never be his wife."

XIV.

As we walked round to the front of the house, a fly from the railway approached us along the drive. Miss Halcombe waited on the door-steps until the fly drew up; and then advanced to shake hands with an old gentleman, who got out briskly the moment the steps were let down. Mr. Gilmore had arrived.

I looked at him, when we were introduced to each other, with an interest and a curiosity which I could hardly conceal. This old man was to remain at Limmeridge House after I had left it; he was to hear Sir Percival Glyde's explanation, and was to give Miss Halcombe the assistance of his experience in forming her judgment; he was to wait until the question of the marriage was set at rest; and his hand, if that question were decided in the affirmative, was to draw the settlement which bound Miss Fairlie irrevocably to her engagement. Even then, when I knew nothing by comparison with what I know now, I looked at the family lawyer with an interest which I had never felt before in the presence of any man breathing who was a total stranger to me.

In external appearance Mr. Gilmore was the exact opposite of the conventional idea of an old lawyer. His complexion was florid; his white hair was worn rather long and kept carefully brushed; his black coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, fitted him with perfect neatness; his white cravat was carefully tied; and his lavender-colored kid gloves might have adorned the hands of a fashionable clergyman without fear and without reproach. His manners were pleasantly marked by the formal grace and refinement of the old school of politeness, quickened by the invigorating sharpness and readiness of a man whose business in life obliges him al-

ways to keep his faculties in good working order. A sanguine constitution and fair prospects to begin with; a long subsequent career of creditable and comfortable prosperity; a cheerful, diligent, widely-respected old age—such were the general impressions I derived from my introduction to Mr. Gilmore; and it is but fair to him to add, that the knowledge I gained by later and better experience only tended to confirm them.

I left the old gentleman and Miss Halcombe to enter the house together, and to talk of family matters undisturbed by the restraint of a stranger's presence. They crossed the hall on their way to the drawing-room, and I descended the steps again, to wander about the garden alone.

My hours were numbered at Limmeridge House; my departure the next morning was irrevocably settled; my share in the investigation which the anonymous letter had rendered necessary was at an end. No harm could be done to any one but myself, if I let my heart loose again, for the little time that was left me, from the cold cruelty of restraint which necessity had forced me to inflict upon it, and took my farewell of the scenes which were associated with the brief dream-time of my happiness and my love.

I turned instinctively to the walk beneath my study-window, where I had seen her the evening before with her little dog, and followed the path which her dear feet had trodden so often, till I came to the wicket-gate that led into her rose garden. The winter bareness spread drearily over it now. The flowers that she had taught me to distinguish by their names, the flowers that I had taught her to paint from, were gone; and the tiny white paths that led between the beds were damp and green already. I went on to the avenue of trees, where we had breathed together the warm fragrance of August evenings; where we had admired together the myriad combinations of shade and sunlight that dappled the ground at our feet. The leaves fell about me from the groaning branches, and the earthy decay in the atmosphere chilled me to the bones. A little farther on, and I was out of the grounds and following the lane that wound gently upward to the nearest hills. The old felled tree by the wayside, on which we had sat to rest, was sodden with rain; and the tuft of ferns and grasses which I had drawn for her, nestling under the rough stone-wall in front of us, had turned to a pool of water stagnating round an islet of draggled weeds. I gained the summit of the hill, and looked at the view which we had so often admired in the happier time. It was cold and barren—it was no longer the view that I remembered. The sunshine of her presence was far from me; the charm of her voice no longer murmured in my ear. She had talked to me, on the spot from which I now look down, of her father, who was her last surviving parent; had told me how fond of each other they had been, and how sadly she missed him still, when she entered certain rooms in the house, and when she took up forgotten occupations and amusements with which he had been associated. Was the view that I had seen, while listening to those words, the view that I saw now, standing on the hill-top by myself? I turned and left it; I wound my way back again, over the moor and round the sand-hills, down to the beach. There was the white rage of the surf, and the multitudinous glory of the leaping waves; but where was the place on which she had once drawn idle figures with her parasol in the sand—the place where we had sat together, while she talked to me about myself and my home, while she asked me a woman's minutely observant questions about my mother and my sister, and innocently wondered whether I should ever leave my lonely chambers and have a wife and a house of my own? Wind and wave had long since smoothed out the trace of her which she had left in those marks on the sand. I looked over the wide monotony of the sea-side prospect, and the place in which we two had idled away the sunny hours was as lost to me as if I had never known it—as strange to me as if I stood already on a foreign shore.

The empty silence of the beach struck cold to my heart. I returned to the house and the garden, where traces were left to speak of her at every turn.

On the west terrace walk I met Mr. Gilmore. He was evidently in search of me, for he quickened his pace when we caught sight of each other. The state of my spirits little fitted me for the society of a stranger. But the meeting was inevitable, and I resigned myself to make the best of it.

"You are the very person I wanted to see," said the old gentleman. "I had two words to say to you, my dear Sir, and if you have no objection I will avail myself of the present opportunity. To put it plainly, Miss Halcombe and I have been talking over family affairs—affairs which are the cause of my being here—and, in the course of our conversation, she was naturally led to tell me of this unpleasant matter connected with the anonymous letter, and of the share which you have most creditably and properly taken in the proceedings so far. That share, I quite understand, gives you an interest which you might not otherwise have felt in knowing that the future management of the investigation, which you have begun, will be placed in safe hands. My dear Sir, make yourself quite easy on that point—it will be placed in *my* hands."

"You are, in every way, Mr. Gilmore, much fitter to advise and to act in the matter than I am. Is it an indiscretion, on my part, to ask if you have decided yet on a course of proceeding?"

"So far as it is possible to decide, Mr. Hartright, I have decided. I mean to send a copy of the letter, accompanied by a statement of the circumstances, to Sir Percival Glyde's solicitor in London, with whom I have some acquaintance. The letter itself I shall keep here, to show to Sir Percival as soon as he arrives. The tracing of the two women I have already provided for, by sending one of Mr. Fairlie's servants—a confidential person—to the station to make inquiries: the man has his money and his directions, and he will follow the women in the event of his finding any clew. This is all that can be done until Sir Percival comes on Monday. I have no doubt myself that every explanation which can be expected from a gentleman and a man of honor he will readily give. Sir Percival stands very high, Sir—an eminent position, a reputation above suspicion—I feel quite easy about results; quite easy, I am rejoiced to assure you. Things of this sort happen constantly in my experience. Anonymous letters—unfortunate woman—sad state of society. I don't deny that there are peculiar complications in this case; but the case itself is, most unhappily, common—common."

"I am afraid, Mr. Gilmore, I have the misfortune to differ from you in the view I take of the case."

"Just so, my dear Sir—just so. I am an old man, and I take the practical view. You are a young man, and you take the romantic view. Let us not dispute about our views. I live, professionally, in an atmosphere of disputation, Mr. Hartright; and I am only too glad to escape from it, as I am escaping here. We will wait for events—yes, yes, yes; we will wait for events. Charming place, this. Good shooting? Probably not—none of Mr. Fairlie's land is preserved, I think. Charming place, though; and delightful people. You draw and paint, I hear, Mr. Hartright? Enviable accomplishment. What style?"

We dropped into general conversation—or, rather, Mr. Gilmore talked, and I listened. My attention was far from him, and from the topics on which he discoursed so fluently. The solitary walk of the last two hours had wrought its effect on me—it had set the idea in my mind of hastening my departure from Limmeridge House. Why should I prolong the hard trial of saying farewell by one unnecessary minute? What further service was required of me by any one? There was no useful purpose to be served by my stay in Cumberland; there was no restriction of time in the permission to leave which my employer had granted to me. Why not end it, there and then?

I determined to end it. There were some hours of daylight still left—there was no reason why my journey back to London should not begin on that afternoon. I made the first civil excuse that occurred to me for leaving Mr. Gilmore; and returned at once to the house.

On my way up to my own room I met Miss Halcombe on the stairs. She saw, by the hurry of my movements and the change in my manner, that I had some new purpose in view, and asked what had happened.

I told her the reasons which induced me to think of hastening my departure, exactly as I have told them here.

"No, no," she said, earnestly and kindly, "leave us like a friend; break bread with us once more. Stay here and dine; stay here and help us to spend our last evening with you as happily, as like our first evenings, as we can. It is my invitation; Mrs. Vesey's invitation—" she hesitated a little, and then added, "Laura's invitation as well."

I promised to remain. God knows I had no wish to leave even the shadow of a sorrowful impression with any one of them.

My own room was the best place for me till the dinner bell rang. I waited there till it was time to go down stairs.

I had not spoken to Miss Fairlie—I had not even seen her—all that day. The first meeting with her, when I entered the drawing-room, was a hard trial to her self-control and to mine. She, too, had done her best to make our last evening renew the golden by-gone time—the time that could never come again. She had put on the dress which I used to admire more than any other that she possessed—a dark-blue silk, trimmed quaintly and prettily with old-fashioned lace; she came forward to meet me with her former readiness; she gave me her hand with the frank, innocent good-will of happier days. The cold fingers that trembled round mine; the pale cheeks with a bright red spot burning in the midst of them; the faint smile that struggled to live on her lips and died away from them while I looked at it, told me at what sacrifice of herself her outward composure was maintained. My heart could take her no closer to me, or I should have loved her then as I had never loved her yet.

Mr. Gilmore was a great assistance to us. He was in high good-humor, and he led the conversation with unflagging spirit. Miss Halcombe seconded him resolutely; and I did all I could to follow her example. The kind blue eyes whose slightest changes of expression I had learned to interpret so well, looked at me appealingly when we first sat down to table. Help my sister—the sweet anxious face seemed to say—help my sister, and you will help *me*.

We got through the dinner, to all outward appearance at least, happily enough. When the ladies had risen from table, and when Mr. Gilmore and I were left alone in the dining-room, a new interest presented itself to occupy our attention, and to give me an opportunity of quieting myself by a few minutes of needful and welcome silence. The servant who had been dispatched to trace Anne Catherick and Mrs. Clements returned with his report, and was shown into the dining-room immediately.

"Well," said Mr. Gilmore, "what have you found out?"

"I have found out, Sir," answered the man, "that both the women took tickets, at our station here, for Carlisle."

"You went to Carlisle, of course, when you heard that?"

"I did, Sir; but I am sorry to say I could find no farther trace of them."

"You inquired at the railway?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And at the different inns?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And you left the statement I wrote for you at the police-station?"

"I did, Sir."

"Well, my friend, you have done all you could, and I have done all I could; and there the matter must rest till further notice. We have played our trump cards, Mr. Hartright," continued the old gentleman, when the servant had withdrawn. "For the present, at least, the women have outmanœuvred us; and our only resource now is to wait till Sir Percival Glyde comes here on Monday next. Won't you fill your glass again? Good bottle of port, that—sound, substantial old wine. I have got better in my own cellar, though."

We returned to the drawing-room—the room in which the happiest evenings of my life had been passed; the room which, after this last night, I was never to see again. Its aspect was altered since the days had shortened and the weather had grown cold. The glass doors on the terrace side were closed, and hidden by thick curtains. Instead of the soft twilight obscurity, in which we used to sit, the bright radiant glow of lamplight now dazzled my eyes. All was changed—indoors and out, all was changed.

Miss Halcombe and Mr. Gilmore sat down together at the card-table; Mrs. Vesey took her customary chair. There was no restraint on the disposal of *their* evening; and I felt the restraint on the disposal of mine all the more painfully from observing it. I saw Miss Fairlie lingering near the music-stand. The time had been when I might have joined her there. I waited irresolutely—I knew neither where to go nor what to do next. She cast one quick glance at me, took a piece of music suddenly from the stand, and came toward me of her own accord.

"Shall I play some of those little melodies of Mozart's which you used to like so much?" she asked, opening the music nervously, and looking down at it while she spoke.

Before I could thank her she hastened to the piano. The chair near it, which I had always been accustomed to occupy, stood empty. She struck a few chords—then glanced round at me—then looked back again at her music.

"Won't you take your old place?" she said, speaking very abruptly, and in very low tones.

"I may take it on the last night," I answered.

She did not reply: she kept her attention riveted on the music—music which she knew by memory, which she had played over and over again, in former times, without the book. I only knew that she had heard me, I only knew that she was aware of my being close to her, by seeing the red spot on the cheek that was nearest to me, fade out, and the face grow pale all over.

"I am very sorry you are going," she said, her voice almost sinking to a whisper; her eyes looking more and more intently at the music; her fingers flying over the keys of the piano with a strange feverish energy which I had never noticed in her before.

"I shall remember those kind words, Miss Fairlie, long after to-morrow has come and gone."

The paleness grew whiter on her face, and she turned it farther away from me.

"Don't speak of to-morrow," she said. "Let the music speak to us of to-night in a happier language than ours."

Her lips trembled—a faint sigh fluttered from them, which she tried vainly to suppress. Her fingers wavered on the piano; she struck a false note; confused herself in trying to set it right; and dropped her hands angrily on her lap. Miss Halcombe and Mr. Gilmore looked up in astonishment from the card-table at which they were playing. Even Mrs. Vesey, dozing in her chair, woke at the sudden cessation of the music, and inquired what had happened.

"You play at whist, Mr. Hartright?" asked Miss Halcombe, with her eyes directed significantly at the place I occupied.

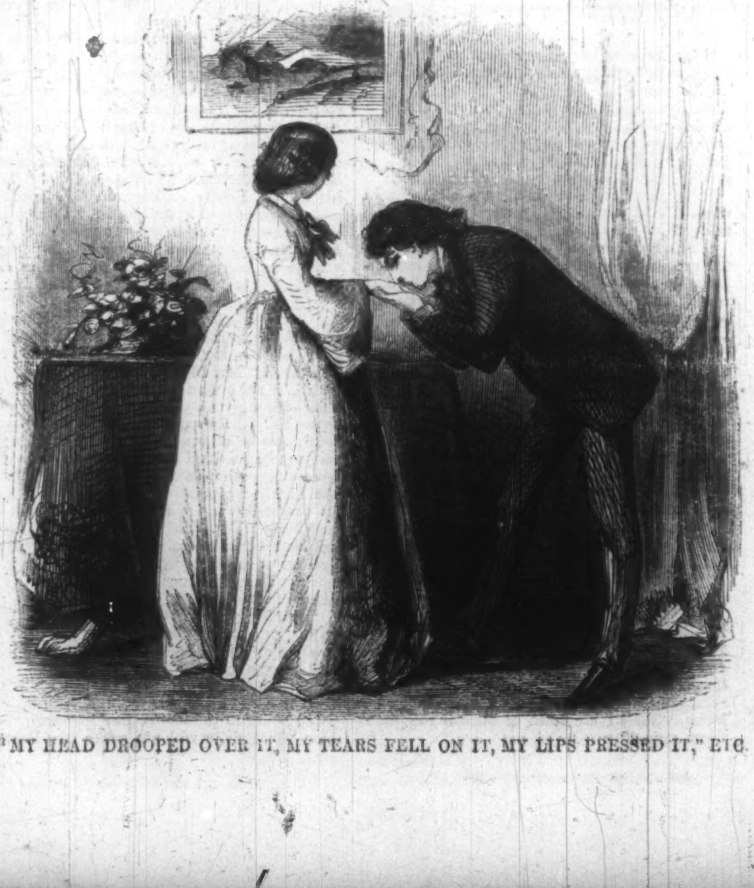
I knew what she meant; I knew she was right; and I rose at once to go to the card-table. As I left the piano Miss Fairlie turned a page of the music, and touched the keys again with a surer hand.

"I *will* play it," she said, striking the notes almost passionately. "I *will* play it on the last night."

"Come, Mrs. Vesey," said Miss Halcombe; "Mr. Gilmore and I are tired of écarté—come and be Mr. Hartright's partner at whist."

The old lawyer smiled satirically. His had been the winning hand; and he had just turned up a king. He evidently attributed Miss Halcombe's abrupt change in the card-table arrangements to a lady's inability to play the losing game.

The rest of the evening passed without a word or a look from her. She kept her place at the piano; and I kept mine at the card-table. She played unintermittingly—played as if the music was her only refuge from herself. Sometimes her fingers touched the notes with a lingering fondness, a soft, plaintive, dying tenderness, unutterably beautiful and mournful to hear—sometimes they faltered and failed her, or hurried over the instrument mechanically, as if their task was a burden to them. But still, change and waver as they might in the expression they imparted to the music, their resolution to play never faltered. She only rose from the piano when we all rose to say good-night.



"MY HEAD DROOPED OVER IT, MY TEARS FELL ON IT, MY LIPS PRESSED IT," ETC.

Mrs. Vesey was the nearest to the door, and the first to shake hands with me.

"I shall not see you again, Mr. Hartright," said the old lady. "I am truly sorry you are going away. You have been very kind and attentive; and an old woman, like me, feels kindness and attention. I wish you happy, Sir—I wish you a kind good-by."

Mr. Gilmore came next.

"I hope we shall have a future opportunity of bettering our acquaintance, Mr. Hartright. You quite understand about that little matter of business being safe in my hands? Yes, yes, of course. Bless me, how cold it is! Don't let me keep you at the door. Bon voyage, my dear Sir—bon voyage, as the French say."

Miss Halcombe followed.

"Half past seven to-morrow morning," she said; then added, in a whisper; "I have heard and seen more than you think. Your conduct to-night has made me your friend for life."

Miss Fairlie came last. I could not trust myself to look at her when I took her hand, and when I thought of the next morning.

"My departure must be a very early one," I said. "I shall be gone, Miss Fairlie, before you—"

"No, no," she interposed, hastily; "not before I am out of my room. I shall be down to breakfast with Marian. I am not so ungrateful, not so forgetful of the past three months—"

Her voice failed her; her hand closed gently round mine—then dropped it suddenly. Before I could say "Good-night" she was gone.

The end comes fast to meet me—comes inevitably, as the light of the last morning came at Limmeridge House.

It was barely half past seven when I went down stairs, but I found them both at the breakfast-table waiting for me. In the chill air, in the dim light, in the gloomy morning silence of the house, we three sat down together, and tried to eat, tried to talk. The struggle to preserve appearances was hopeless and useless, and I rose to end it.

As I held out my hand, as Miss Halcombe, who was nearest to me, took it, Miss Fairlie turned away suddenly and hurried from the room.

"Better so," said Miss Halcombe, when the door had closed—"better so, for you and for her."

I waited a moment before I could speak—it was hard to lose her, without a parting word or a parting look. I controlled myself; I tried to take leave of Miss Halcombe in fitting terms; but all the farewell words I would fain have spoken dwindled to one sentence.

"Have I deserved that you should write to me?" was all I could say.

"You have nobly deserved every thing that I can do for you, as long as we both live. Whatever the end is, you shall know it."

"And if I can ever be of help again, at any future time, long after the memory of my presumption and folly is forgotten—"

I could add no more. My voice faltered, my eyes moistened, in spite of me.

She caught me by both hands—she pressed them with the strong, steady grasp of a man—her dark eyes glittered—her brown complexion flushed deep—the force and energy of her face glowed and grew beautiful with the pure inner light of her generosity and her pity.

"I will trust you—if ever the time comes, I will trust you as *my* friend and *her* friend; as *my* brother and *her* brother." She stopped; drew me nearer to her—the fearless, noble creature—touched my forehead, sister-like, with her lips; and called me by my Christian name. "God bless you, Walter," she said. "Wait here alone, and compose yourself—I had better not stay for both our sakes; I had better see you go from the balcony up stairs."

She left the room. I turned away toward the window, where nothing faced me but the lonely autumn landscape—I turned away to master myself, before I, too, left the room in my turn, and left it forever.

A minute passed—it could hardly have been more—when I heard the door open again softly; and the rustling of a woman's dress on the carpet moved toward me. My heart beat violently as I turned round. Miss Fairlie was approaching me from the farther end of the room.

She stopped and hesitated when our eyes met, and when she saw that we were alone. Then, with that courage which women lose so often in the small emergency, and so seldom in the great, she came on nearer to me, strangely pale and strangely quiet, drawing one hand after her along the table by which she walked, and holding something at her side in the other, which was hidden by the folds of her dress.

"I only went into the drawing-room," she said, "to look for this. It may remind you of your visit here, and of the friends you leave behind you. You told me I had improved very much when I did it—and I thought you might like—"

She turned her head away, and offered me a little sketch drawn throughout by her own pencil, of the summer-house in which we had first met. The paper trembled in her hand as she held it out to me—trembled in mine as I took it from her.

I was afraid to say what I felt—I only answered: "It shall never leave me; all my life long it shall be the treasure that I prize most. I am very grateful for it—very grateful to *you*, for not letting me go away without bidding you good-by."

"Oh!" she said, innocently, "how could I let you go, after we have passed so many happy days together!"

"Those days may never return again, Miss Fairlie—my way of life and yours are very far apart. But if a time should come when the devotion of my whole heart and soul and strength will give you a moment's happiness or spare you a moment's sorrow, will you try to remember the poor drawing-master who has taught you? Miss Halcombe has promised to trust me—will you promise, too?"

The farewell sadness in the kind blue eyes shone dimly through her gathering tears.

"I promise it," she said, in broken tones. "Oh, don't look at me like that! I promise it with all my heart."

I ventured a little nearer to her, and held out my hand.

"You have many friends who love you, Miss Fairlie. Your happy future is the dear object of many hopes. May I say, at parting, that it is the dear object of *my* hopes too?"

The tears flowed fast down her cheeks. She rested one trembling hand on the table to steady herself, while she gave me the other. I took it in mine—I held it fast. My head drooped over it, my tears fell on it, my lips pressed it—not in love; oh, not in love, at that last moment, but in the agony and the self-abandonment of despair.

"For God's sake, leave me!" she said, faintly.

The confession of her heart's secret burst from her in those pleading words. I had no right to hear them, no right to answer them: they were the words that banished me, in the name of her sacred weakness, from the room. It was all over. I dropped her hand; I said no more. The blinding tears shut her out from my eyes, and I dashed them away to look at her for the last time. One look, as she sank into a chair, as her arms fell on the table, as her fair head dropped on them wearily. One farewell look; and the door had closed on her—the great gulf of separation had opened between us—the image of Laura Fairlie was a memory of the past already.

REDHORN SURROUNDED BY THE REDSKINS.

AN ALABAMA BACKWOODS SKETCH.

REDHORN AND REDSKIN.

OF all things on the earth, or under it, or in the waters that encompass it round about, that ever crossed Redhorn's path, nothing animate or inanimate was so repugnant to him as Indians. With all his boasted prowess among people of his own color, he could not bear even the thought of encountering the red men of the forest, and the bare mention of their name was at any time sufficient to make him quake in his shoes. In the thinly-settled country where he lived at the time of which I write, there were still a few aborigines, and, although they were friendly, they were none the less objects of terror to Red, and placed him in a very embarrassing situation. He did not relish the idea of being called a coward, and still less was he in favor of having his "top-knot skulped," as he expressed it.

It so chanced that he had business which called him some twenty miles from home, and leaving a convenient friend in his "store," he set out, intending to return the same day. He was detained somewhat longer than he expected, and night set in long before he had reached his home. About a mile from his house was a thick swamp, through which his path ran, and through this swamp he was compelled to pass. On either side of the road the bushes and briers formed an almost impenetrable thicket, and the overhanging boughs of the trees shut out what little light was afforded by the stars. It was not without many misgivings that Red ventured into the Cimmerian darkness which enveloped his way; but there was no other way to get home, and no house to stop at. With a quaking heart he pushed his horse into the dark path, muttering as he went:

"Who knows now but what there is some cussed Ingin hid here som'ers, with his chop-axe and butcher-knife, ready to knock out my brains an' skulp me an' cut out my in'ards? I wish I'd a staid at home. By ginger! ef I'd a knowed it would be this dark, hang me if I'd ever been cotch in this hole. But ef thar's enny Ingins about here, why don't some body see 'em, and tell of it? I wonder ef George— Waugh! Murder! they've got me! Run here, some body. The Ingins is riz! Oh!"

His reflections had been thus unceremoniously interrupted by his horse, which suddenly stopped with a loud snort, and appeared terribly frightened. Before Red had time to collect his thoughts at this interruption, his horse's bridle was seized, and to his utter astonishment and great terror he found himself in the rough grasp of four stalwart Indians!

He might have continued his outcries, but one of the savages produced a light, and drawing a large and dangerous-looking knife, signified to his prisoner that if he did not remain quiet he would draw it across his windpipe. With such imminent danger as this staring him in the face, poor Red could do no less than remain passive. One of the savages took the bridle, and turning the horse around, set off at a rapid walk; while the other three guarded the prisoner—one on each side, and the other behind. In this way they reached the creek, when they halted, and the warriors held a short consultation, from which Red could gather nothing, except that three of them appeared, from their actions, to be in favor of knocking him on the head and leaving him; this was earnestly opposed by the fourth, and finally they appeared to settle the matter, for they resumed their previous positions, and set off down the creek, still maintaining a strict silence.

"Lookee here," at length said Red, losing all patience at this strange proceeding, "who, in the name o' Jehosaphat, are ye, any how, and whar are yer a-carryin' me to?"

"Ugh!" exclaimed the foremost Indian, at the same time displaying his knife again, and repeating his silent threat. Red was "silenced but not convinced," and closed his inquiries, lest his grim guide should carry his threat into immediate execution, and do damage to his breathing apparatus. But they could not restrain his thoughts, which were running at a 2.40 rate, something after this fashion:

"Now ain't this a nice fix fur a white feller like me to be got into? What a fool I was to ventur' out by myself when I knowed the whole country was full of the yaller devils as thick as muskeeters! Ef I'd a took Sally's advice, and staid at home, I might have bin safe; but no, I must cut out, like a fool, an' here I am—forty miles from home, an' gittin' furder every minnit. I wonder whar the dickens they are a-carryin' me to? I've a great mind to jump off and give 'em a race; but that big rascal with the knife would lunge it into me. I wish old Deacon Redhorn was here now, to see what a sittyvation his son had come to. I do believe I'd git him to pray for me, and see ef 'twouldn't do some good. I wonder what'll Sally say? She'll think I'm sarved right for being such a fool as to come off by myself. Well, ef I *should* git out'n this scrape, I hope I may land waist-deep in that fire that dad used to pray about ef I don't stay at home—now that's so."

Indulging in such moody reflections as this, Red followed his captors until about midnight, when he saw a light, and in a short time he came to an open place some fifty feet in diameter, which had the appearance of having been recently cleared out for some purpose or other. About the centre of this space was a fire, and around it were extended some five or six men, apparently asleep; but when Red's guide gave a shrill whoop they sprang to their feet, and, with horrid yells, advanced toward the party, displaying to the terrified prisoner another party of Indians, who rushed toward him, brandishing their tomahawks around his head in the most frightful manner. He closed his eyes and waited for the fatal blow, but he was pulled from his horse and led to the fire.

Here his captors held another animated discussion, and then, taking him by the arms, led him to a small tree, to which they firmly bound him, hand and foot.

"See here, Mr. Ingin," said he, "what have yer got me here for, any how?"

"Me love you heap, me good friend," replied the savage, who then turned off, and, with the others, entered the woods. The prisoner thought they were now gone, and that he would yet escape; but he was doomed to disappointment, for they soon returned, each with an armful of dried brushwood, which they threw down at his feet, and one of them commenced piling it around him. He watched these proceedings for some time with much curiosity, until the pile had reached to his knees, when he could wait no longer.

"I say, Mr. Ingin, what are you doin' that fur?" he asked.

"Me build pen; keep off wolf," answered the savage, still plying his work.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian again, as the others returned with more wood, which they piled round him until it had reached his breast.

"Now me warm you," said the speaker, going to the fire and returning with a lighted brand, which he applied to the pile. The horrible truth now flashed on Red's mind; he was to be burned alive! The sweat stood in beads on his forehead, and his hair rose on end.

"Oh, goodness!" he whined, "for God's sake, Mr. Ingin, let me off this time, and I'll give you a whole gallon o' whisky!"

"Ugh! you coward," replied the savage, slapping him on the cheek.

"Now, see here," roared Red, "jest you do that agin, and I wish I may be swallered ef I don't kick your haslets out!" But here he thought of his helpless condition, and changed his tone to one of entreaty. But the fire still burned; it was beginning to warm him pretty thoroughly, and he was about to break forth again, when suddenly the Indians appeared to be listening attentively. Then they tore down the fire, and throwing themselves on the ground became still. This was all Greek to Red, and he was getting impatient, when the Indian who had tied him cautiously approached, brandishing his knife, and looking stealthily about him.

Making a sign to Red to remain silent, he cut his bonds and pointed to his horse. He needed no second bidding, but mounted his steed and put spurs. Hardly had he got into the saddle when the warriors started to their feet and rushed after him with howls and yells of rage. Then occurred a stampede such as is seldom seen. The darkness of the night and the thickness of the woods were forgotten, and Red never drew rein until he arrived at the river, which, to his astonishment, he found he had never been more than a mile from. His pursuers halted at the river, but Red stopped not until he arrived at his own door.

It is but truth to add that the Indians were a crowd of Red's neighbors, dressed and painted for the occasion, who took this method of giving him a good fright. He never forgave them for it; neither did he forget the time when he came so near being made a martyr of by the "infernal red devils."

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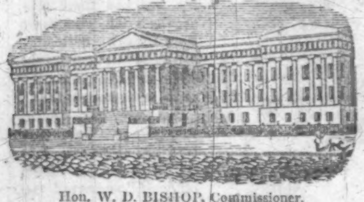

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BEFORE THE GALE.

The good ship PATHFINDER, of New York, and bound to Copenhagen, had entered the North Sea, having left the Straits of Dover two days behind.

The commander of the ship was a young man, not over eight-and-twenty, and his name was MAURICE LESTER. He stood by the taffrail, gazing off upon the horizon to the eastward, ever and anon raising his hand above his head to feel if there was any wind stirring, and as often casting his eye aloft to see how the canvas hung. As he stood thus his mate approached, and spoke to him:

"What d'ye think of this, Capt'n?"

"I think we're in for a storm, sir," the master replied. "And I tell you what it is, Griffin," he added, after sweeping the horizon again with his eye, "when it comes it will be an earnest one. None of your broad Ocean puffs, with nothing but water to hatch wind from; but we'll have it right fresh from some of those places where they know how to make things blow."

"Then you think we'll have a hard one?" said Griffin.

"Aye," answered the captain, with almost a shudder, "I feel it in my bones."

In the meantime, Captain Lester had been watching the sea and sky as before, and he fancied that the signs of the storm were growing more and more palpable every moment. The sun was going down in a thick bank, giving to the whole western horizon a dull, purplish-red, bloody hue, with here and there spots of a darker tinge, like openings, through the fiery cloud, looking upon a fearful blackness behind.

"Do you see how strangely it looks off there?" said the captain, raising his finger towards the point where the sun was setting.

"Aye," returned Griffin, "I have been watching those dark places."

And others noticed the same thing, and spoke of it, too. Seven o'clock came and went. Eight o'clock came, and the first watch was set.

"Don't go below," said the captain, as the men of the last dog-watch left their stations. "This calm can't last a great while. You had better batten down the hatches now, while there is nothing else to do; for I am sure there will be need of having them close before the coming of another day."

The men had had no thoughts of going below, for they could see and feel; and they were not wholly ignorant of what was coming; so they went at work and secured the hatches with thick tarpaulins; and when this was done those who had no particular station collected about the wheel. Another hour passed away—and another. Ten o'clock came, and still not a breath. The ship lay upon the water like a dead thing, with the ropes, and blocks, and sails, rattling and flapping as she was swayed to and fro by the lazy swells of the sea.

"What *does* it mean?" cried Griffin, as the boy struck five bells.

"Hark!" said the captain, almost instantly. "I guess you'll soon see. Did you feel that?—Ha!—and that!"

It was a puff of wind, and a light flying of spray; or, perhaps it was a spit of rain. At all events, the puff was felt; and the drops of water fell upon other cheeks than Maurice Lester's, and other ears than his heard the dull moaning which came over the dark waters. So other ears heard the roar which followed, and other bodies quivered beneath the shock of the storm-giant when he came in his might.

Aye—the storm had come. It came with wind and rain, and with an angry heaving of the sea, it came with a darkness like Erebus, and with the voice of thunder. The gale continued to increase in fury as the long night passed away. When the morning came the scene was one of awful grandeur. The wind was howling with terrific fury; and the broad sea was lashed into huge mountains, that foamed, and tumbled, and leaped along over the bosom of the deep, seeming every moment ready to whelm and engulf the frail bark that struggled within the demon grasp.

When Captain Lester had observed the signs of the morning, he feared that the storm would continue through the day, and so he told his men. The sky wore a hue of horror, and rain was now driving down, mingling with the lashing sea. At noon it was still worse.

At length night shut in again, and not a sign yet of the passing away of the storm! The frightful howling of the tempest seemed rather to have increased than abated. The men gathered upon the quarter-deck, clinging for support to the racks and rails—for the life-lines swayed so much that they were afraid of them—gathered as near to the light of the binnacle-lamp as they could, as though even from such feeble beams they might find some comfort. But not all were there. No—not all! Four stout, true-hearted men had been swept away by the storm. Near a score were left; but how many shall see the light of another day?

At nine o'clock Captain Lester went below. He took down a chart of the North Sea, and having spread it upon the table, he sat down to examine it. He was thus engaged when Mr. Griffin came down; but he did not look up until he had finished the calculation.

"How is it?" the mate asked, as he saw his commander lay down the dividers.

"I have been making a reckoning, and I find that we have but little more sea-room left. The course we have made since we wore, has been, as near as I can calculate, north-west-by-west, so that we must have been driving towards the coast of Northumberland. I think we have plenty of room to stand on until midnight; but we cannot stand on much longer. If the gale does not abate by that time I know not what we shall do."

The captain started up from his chair, and would probably have walked across the cabin, but at that moment a heavy sea caught the ship, and gave her a pitch forward, which caused him to catch his seat as quickly as possible. As soon as the flood had gone from the deck, and the vessel had struggled up from the shock, he looked into his companion's face, and said, in a voice made tremulous by deeper emotion than he had before manifested:

"Griffin, I have something upon my mind more than you know; and I am anxious to communicate it, too. I must tell it now, for I have a strange foreboding of coming ill. Something is to happen that will bear great calamity to some of us. I am not croaking—I am only reading what the Unseen has written in my soul. However, you shall hear my story. You have heard that my parents were both lost at sea?"

"Yes," said the mate.

"And perhaps you knew that they were lost in this sea?"

"I have heard so, sir."

"Aye—so it was. I was a boy then. They were on their way to Copenhagen, as we should be now. My father commanded the ship—she was called the '*Clara Jane*.' She was named for my mother; and she was a staunch noble craft. I was at school then, in Troy; and when I knew that my parents were dead I was well nigh mad with grief. I fancied then, in my first hours of orphanage, that my heart would break; and, I think such would have been the case if they had kept me at school. But some of those who cared for me came to see me, and it was finally arranged that I should go to sea. And I prospered—prospered so well that, when I was twenty years old, they gave me command of a ship.

"The man who owned the ship which I first commanded was named Thornton. He had a daughter named Carrie—one of the sweetest, purest, and loveliest creatures that ever graced this poor life of earth. She was four years younger than myself; but even when I first knew her—and she was not then more than fourteen—she was a woman in intellect and grace, though a child in simplicity of love and confidence. Mr. Thornton did not object to my suit, so I loved her with all my soul, and was blessed to know that she loved me in return. It had been arranged that we should be married when she was twenty years old,—that had been our plan for more than two years, Mr. Thornton having set the bounds himself. It lacked two months of the time, and I had arranged to remain at home until we were married. But—Thornton had a heavy ship freighted for Copenhagen, and her captain was dying. He could find no one to take his place but me, and he asked me to go. I could not refuse; but I asked that I might be married first. Mr. Thornton shook his head, and said no. But he had another plan which he said would be better. He had been planning to visit Copenhagen, where he had two brothers in business,—they were in company with him—and he said he would take the next ship, and bring Carrie out with him, and we should be married there. I finally consented to take out the new ship, and Mr. Thornton, with his daughter, was to meet me in Copenhagen, and there we were to be married, and all three come home together. The evening before I sailed I spent with Carrie, and when I left her I felt that I was leaving my very life.

"Well," continued Lester, wiping his eyes, "I went to Copenhagen. I waited a month—then I heard that the American ship, '*White Fawn*,' with William Thornton and daughter on board, had touched at Dover, and that all were safe and well when she left. I waited another week, and then I crossed over to Hamburg; but I could learn nothing there. Next I went to London, and there I learned enough to assure me that the ship had been lost! On the second day after she left Dover a severe storm had arisen, and several vessels had been reported lost. I sent my ship home in charge of the mate, and spent four months in searching after the lost ones; but I could gain no trace of them. Not even a piece of the wreck could I find—not a mark of the ship nor of one of its crew! I came home with a sad and heavy heart."

Maurice Lester stopped a few moments, and bowed his head upon his hands, for his feelings had almost overcome him. In a little while, however, he looked up again, and added, in a touching tone,—

"Ah, my dear friend, you do not know what I have suffered—tongue cannot tell it, nor can pen write it. That blow did break my heart—broke it in the rending of its tenderest cords, and in the crushing of all its earthly hopes!—Do you believe in dreams?"

The mate started, not so much at the character of the question, as from the sudden manner in which it was put.

"Well," said Lester, in a lower tone, "I have had a dream repeated many times; but never has it come to me so directly and so vividly as within the past three or four days. *Carrie Thornton is not dead!* I know she is not!—she has appeared to me repeatedly in a dream, and calls upon me to save her! To-night, as I stood all alone by the mizzen rigging, trying to peer out into the thick gloom, I heard her voice as plainly as you now hear mine, and she called out for me to save her. Of course what followed was mere fancy, though even that affected me much: I thought I saw her, standing not far off, upon a huge sea, with her arms stretched imploringly towards me—saw her then with my eyes open, as I have often seen her in my sleeping dream!—"

At this point the captain was cut short in his speech by the cry of "LIGHT-HO!" from the deck. They hurried up and found the men crowding forward.

"What is it?" Lester asked.

"I think it is a light, sir," replied Parker. "Here, sir.—Just stand here.—Now turn your eye about four points upon the larboard bow.—Wait, now, till she rises—Ha—there!—there?—See!—Did you see it, sir?"

Yes—he had seen it; and he knew it must be a light upon the shore: but it was a great way off. He watched until he had seen it several times, and then he remarked to his mate that it must be a light-house. The light was bold and distinct, and evidently at a considerable height above the level of the sea; for, had it not been so, it could not have been seen at that distance. After a short consultation, during which reference was had to the chart of the Northumberland coast, it was decided that this light must be upon Dorton Point. To the north of Dorton, as the captain knew from personal experience, as well as from the chart, there was a snug harbor, of easy entrance. These things were settled.

As soon as it had been determined where the light was, Captain Lester made all possible haste to determine his course of action. Had the thing been practicable, he would have laid his ship to; but that could not be done. No one even gave it a serious thought. So it was determined that the ship should stand on, at least till something further was discovered.

At half-past twelve the gale had moderated considerably. The light was now to be seen very plainly whenever the ship rose, and the captain and his officers felt sure that they were right in their calculations.

"At all events," said the former, "we have no choice but to stand on, at least——"

He was interrupted by a cry from the bows that made every soul start with horror:

"BREAKERS! BREAKERS!"

Captain Lester leaped forward, and in a very few moments he was satisfied that the warning had not been a false one; for he could not only hear the awful roar of the breaking seas, but he fancied that he could see the gleaming of the white foam as it flew high in the air. As quickly as possible the topsail was taken off, and the anchors cut loose. The ponderous grappling plunged into the hissing sea, and the iron cables were spun through the hawse-holes like lightning. Snap went the starboard chain; and in a moment more a shock was felt as the larboard anchor found bottom; but it could not hold. The cable parted as though it had been a hempen string, and on swept the devoted ship.

"In heaven's name!" gasped Griffin, "what does this mean? See! The light is still burning as brightly as ever—at least a league away—and yet here are the rocks directly under our bows! What can it mean?"

Maurice Lester did not answer; but an old weather-beaten sailor, who stood at the wheel, and who had looked a thousand dangers in the face, answered for him:

"IT'S A WRECKER'S BEACON! I've seen such things afore. There aint no use in firin' the gun, sir. That light was put there to lead poor Jack to his death that the coast-sharks might pick his bones!"

"BREAKERS! ROCKS!—*On the starboard bow!—No!—On the larboard!*—PORT!"

But it was too late for mortal help. The ship had met her doom. She went upon the rocks with a crash that sounded high above the roar of the elements.

CHAPTER II.

WOLFGANG.

Maurice Lester was near the starboard gangway when the ship struck, having started aft to look to the helm. The shock threw him upon his back, and he tried to get up; but ere he could regain his feet the flood of mad waters came surging over the bark, and he was thrown—he knew not where. He only knew that the flood came—that it caught him in its giant grasp—that it hurled him as the gale hurls a feather—that his head was hurt—that his body was tossed and bruised—and then the lamp of his consciousness went out. When he came to himself it was daylight, and the rays of the sun were beaming above him. At first he did not attempt to move, any farther than simply to assure himself that he was really alive and sensible; but sought to recall the events of the past, which he did, very clearly, up to the time when his ship struck upon the rocks,—he could go no farther. After this he raised himself upon his elbow, and tried to gaze about him. He found himself upon a bed of sand, between two immense rocks. He had been landed there in that deep nook, and the tide had gone out and left him. In a little while he rose to his feet, and managed to crawl up, by the aid of a stranded spar, over a low part of one of the rocks.

After seeing all that was to be observed from this point, he moved on towards where he thought he should soonest find an open beach, for he felt faint and sick, and he wished to find help as soon as possible. After toiling over slippery, slimy rocks, and cruel, tearing crags, until his clothing was all torn, and his flesh bruised and lacerated, he finally reached an open space among the rocks, where many pieces of the wreck had been lodged, and where he found the bodies of three of his men. He hastened to the spot where they lay—two of them being clasped in each other's arms—but he found no signs of life.

With a sad, heavy heart, Lester passed on, and presently he found two more dead ones, and one of them was David Griffin, his chief mate. He kneeled down by the officer's side, and raised the head: but it was cold and lifeless and the skull was broken! Gently he laid it back upon the sand, and then moved on again. And he saw more dead men also! Could it be possible that he had been the only one left alive?

Ha!—wait—what is this? It moves—it has life!

Captain Lester hurried forward, as fast as his feeble strength would permit, and found two men lying by the side of a heavy spar. One of them was dead; but the other gazed up into his commander's face, and stretched forth his hands as though he would ask for mercy. His name was Dick Mangle, and he had been one of the best seamen on board the ship.

"Poor Dick!" said Lester, kneeling by his side and lifting his head. "Are you badly hurt?"

"They've done it for us!" the sailor answered, in a weakening voice. "They've killed Tom. Aint he dead?"

It was the body of stout Tom Bricket that lay close by, and when the captain had made himself sure that there was no particle of life in it, he reported the same to Dick.

"But," he added, "what do you mean! Who has done you harm?"

"Haven't you seen 'em?" the man asked, struggling for breath.

"Seen whom? What do you mean?" demanded Lester, eagerly.

Dick started up to his elbow, and gazed around; but he seemed to find nothing for which he was looking, and he sank back again. Had he not made this effort he might have spoken further, but the act of rising had exhausted him, and the last grain of strength was leaving him.

"What do you mean?" cried Lester, as he saw that the poor fellow was sinking. "Has any body harmed you?"

Dick managed to raise his hand to his head—to a point above the left ear—and, as he did so, he whispered—

"Look out—they asked for the capt'n. That's where they struck!" He tried to speak further, but his voice failed him.

What could this mean? Maurice Lester started to his feet and gazed around. Who had killed his men?

The captain was disturbed in his meditation by the sound of voices not far off, and upon turning he beheld four men coming up from the water. He who came in advance was a tall, muscular man; with a gaunt, heavy frame; somewhere about fifty or fifty-five years of age; and habited in a garb of blue cloth, cut into a frock, or shirt, which was secured at the waist by a broad pistol-belt.

Maurice Lester was startled when he beheld the stalwart leader and his three ruffianly companions; and, considering all the circumstances, it is no wonder that he was startled. However, he had not much opportunity for reflection, for, by the time he had fairly made out the party, they were up on him.

"Hallo," the leader cried, as he saw our hero, "here we have another." And, as he came up, he added: "And I guess we've found a live one, too,—one that knows something.—Say—who are ye?"

The last sentence was addressed to Maurice, who quickly answered:

"My name is Lester. And now, to be fair, what is your name?"

"Well—I guess you've heard it before. Men call me Ryan Wolfgang."

"WOLFGANG!" repeated Lester, with a start.

"Yes. That is my name."

Then WOLFGANG was not a myth after all. That mysterious wrecker, whose name was a source of terror to honest sailors, was a being of flesh and blood, like other men. Maurice gazed upon him with wonder; and, as he gazed, he felt that he looked upon a fiend incarnate. He had often heard of the pirate-wrecker, and so dark and mystic had been the tales which the North-Sea sailors had told, that he had been inclined to believe that the whole theme was a fabrication. Now, however, he had no more doubt, for the man before him looked as dark and bloody as were any of the pictures he had heard drawn of him upon the forecastle.

But our hero was not allowed much time for reflection. Wolfgang plied him with questions, to all of which Lester gave straightforward answers; well knowing that evasion would serve no practical purpose, and hoping by his frankness to propitiate the merciless fiend in whose unrestrained power he knew himself to be.

When the wrecker chief had elicited all the information he could, and learned with what a rich cargo the vessel was freighted, and that she had $40,000 in specie on board, he smiled grimly, and remarked to one of his confederates that she would perhaps be a richer prize even than the *White Fawn* had been a few years before. The mention of the name of the ill-fated ship in which Carrie Thornton and her father had been lost, gave Maurice Lester such a shock that he nearly fell to the earth. He grew deadly pale, and his frame quivered convulsively.

"What's the matter?" said Wolfgang. "You don't seem to have much strength left!—Bring him alongt boys, where we can *doctor* him."

The sinister glance which accompanied this last remark, and the peculiar emphasis laid upon the word "*doctor*," struck a chill to our hero's heart. But he could not give his own safety much thought while he was partly forced and partly carried along after Wolfgang, who strode rapidly on for nearly half an hour. He could think only of the *White Fawn* that had been wrecked on that coast, and of his beloved Carrie who had, perhaps, in company with those same men, trod the same path he was now treading. What had been her fate? Had she been murdered by these wretches, or reserved for some more deplorable doom? These thoughts filled him with unutterable agony.

Wolfgang had now drawn near the water's edge; and soon coming to the mouth of a cave he entered it, followed by the three ruffians who had charge of our hero. The bottom of the cave sloped upward from its entrance for some distance, and then became almost level. The captive (for such Maurice Lester now felt himself to be) frequently hit his feet against what he thought, with a chill of horror, were human bones strewn around the cavern, but he could not clearly make them out in the dim light. He also noticed that the bottom of the cave was very wet, as though it had recently been covered with water. The wrecker chieftain stopped, at last, near what seemed the end of the cave, and making a sign to his followers, they clapped manacles on the wrists and ankles of Maurice before he had time to note their intention.

"Now, Captain Lester," said Wolfgang, "you must remain in this place for a short season. *You are perfectly safe here.*—Silence! Say not a word! If you attempt to leave this spot, you will be slain the moment you set foot outside the cave."

Thus speaking, the chieftain and his followers silently but rapidly withdrew, leaving Maurice nearly stupefied with astonishment. As they passed from the mouth of the cave, their feet were wet by the rising waves. *The tide was fast coming in.*

After a short time, the captive looked about him, with eyes somewhat accustomed to the dim light, and became satisfied that what he had supposed to be human bones were really such. There were many of them. And moving among them were huge rats, seeking for prey. The top of the cavern, in some places, was but a few feet above his head, and in one place he discovered a small aperture, through which a faint light struggled, and on going underneath it, he thought he smelt the odor of vegetation and flowers.

On turning, from the contemplation of this aperture, towards the mouth of the cave, Captain Lester observed, with alarm, that the water was creeping up the sloping bottom. What if it should fill the cavern? Ah! now he could account for the presence there of those human bones! They were the sad memorials of other hapless prisoners who had been left in that cave to *perish by drowning!*

Slowly but surely the waters crept along. The vermin fled before them to the elevated spot on which Maurice stood. Slowly following, the incoming water at length reached his feet!

At the end of the cave, within a few feet of the wall, and underneath the aperture before spoken of, was a large piece of rock, some four feet high, that might have fallen from above. To this Maurice hastened as quickly as his manacles would permit. After some exertion he succeeded in climbing to the top of it, and stood erect, his head within a few inches of the roof of the cavern. But he was not allowed to occupy this retreat alone. As the water began to circle round its base, the rats also sought refuge on it in great numbers, and in vain did Maurice try to dislodge them with his manacled feet.

Soon (as it seemed to the captive) the water came rippling over the top of the rock. He felt its moisture upon his feet. And still it rose—slowly but relentlessly it rose higher—higher; and as it rose, the rats climbed up his limbs for safety. It was in vain that he brushed them off with his fettered hands. They instantly returned. They clambered up his back—to his shoulders—over the back of his neck—to the crown of his head; their clammy bodies striking a chill to his very heart.

And still higher the waters rose, and more thickly the foul vermin clustered upon the devoted captive's shoulders and head, as their only places of safety. Driven frantic at last by the horrors of his situation, he was about to plunge into the surging tide and seek a watery grave, when his attention was arrested by the tread of rapid footsteps near the aperture above his head, and the sound of a harsh masculine voice, almost instantly followed by a noise as of a struggle, and a piercing shriek which thrilled Maurice Lester to the very soul. He could not be mistaken: it was CARRIE's voice. Again he heard it, but now in tones of entreaty. Oh, it *was* her voice. She was *not* dead! She lived and was near him! Gathering all his strength he shouted, "Carrie! *Carrie!* CARRIE!"

A dead silence followed, broken only by the fearful murmurs of the still rising waters, and the splash of the rats as they fell from the wretched captive's head and shoulders, only to return again, in their fierce struggles for a perch of safety from the advancing tide, which had now nearly reached our hero's shoulders.

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, to which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which is for sale at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the New York Ledger of January 14, and in it you will find the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy at any book store, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy if you will send him five cents in a letter.

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